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January 26, 1935



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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A Modern Home for Everyone By J

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JAN. 26, 1935

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## THEY SHALL NOT WANT

**H**ERE is happiness—past, present and future. In this, like many another home, there have been some disappointments, sorrows. There are desires not yet satisfied. There are real responsibilities ahead. But there is joy and satisfaction in retrospect and in prospect. There is happiness today.

Here in this home and family is the inspiration that sends a man forth to business each morning—energetic, optimistic, courageous. Here is the attraction that pulls him back at evening.

One of the problems which might cause worry, which might mar happiness and dampen aspirations is a mortgage. There was a time when the head of his family hoped that real estate appreciation and some cautious investments would take care

of it. But he had not depended solely on those seemingly erratic economic forces beyond his own control. From income he has paid off a portion of the principal each year. And tucked away in a safety deposit box is a life insurance policy which will wipe out the unpaid balance if he does not live to do it himself.

Another policy will provide an income to the family—larger during the years the children are growing up, smaller when the urgent needs are less.

There is an accident policy that will pay hospital bills, if they come, and provide an income that will keep the family going, keep the life insurance paid up.

And recently this husband and father has added another life policy.

It is smaller, less expensive than his other policies but fills an important niche in his scheme of security, protection and happiness. It provides an income of a hundred a month for one year—for the crucial year which comes when a family has to reorganize, when extra money is so useful, so necessary. The policy is one that can be extended at some future time when income permits. Additional years of income may be added or the monthly amount increased.

The policy is one that will return to the policyholder at 60 years of age all that he has ever paid for it, if it hasn't been needed in the meantime. It is a money-back arrangement with an institution that has served its policyholders promptly

and efficiently for seventy years.

In this home they shall not want. Here they face the present calmly and the future confidently.

It is time for many families to review the insurance they have, to consider the reconstruction of their program of protection, saving and investment. It is sensible to listen to the advice of a man who has made a study as well as a business of insurance.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of life, casualty and fire insurance.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut. Representatives throughout the United States and Canada.



*Both for Beauty's Sake*

**HER COAT,**

**\$2500**

**HER TOOTH PASTE,**

**25¢**



**All women welcome the cleanliness  
and brilliance this tooth paste affords**

**S**URPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



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Complete operas... 3 hours... Every Saturday... all NBC stations... see your newspaper for time



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

### Next Week

SUPPOSE someone handed you this country and told you to run it. (This is just a game; you don't have to sign anything.) There would be a number of questions for you to settle almost at once—long-range questions. Nationalism, for instance. If you decided to make this country a self-sufficient unit, you could stop bothering about ports and factories within reach of deep water; you could put up whatever tariff barriers you liked.

But you'd have to face the consequences—idle acres, an increased processing tax (that's the farmer's tariff) and—well, you could work it out for yourself, but you'd find it plenty complicated. One of the men who are now actively engaged in running this country and in thinking about its future, Mr. Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, puts the issues of economic nationalism squarely up to you in an important and stimulating article, "America—Recluse or Trader?"

THE Swiss, it is said, start playing house at an early age and long after they have grown up and become hotel keepers they go on playing house. Switzerland, moreover, is a romantic country, and they have international hockey matches there. Put all these significant facts together and you have the background for the sparkling romance of John Naylor and Marianne Brent, told by Blake Cabot in "Love on Ice."

HAVE you ever found yourself, toward the end of a hand of bridge, holding a number of winning cards which your opponent meanly forces you to discard? It's very irritating. Your only comeback is to learn to do it too—when you get the chance. For the first time in the history of bridge, Shepard Barclay makes a clear analysis of the squeeze play and shows you how to get those extra tricks that are "Yours for the Squeezing."

FOR an old lion-hunter like Russ Waldron it's a let-down to have to hunt wolves, but Russ didn't mind. The only thing he objected to was being set on the trail of "The Vanishing Wolf," an animal that not even Russ Waldron's dogs could find. What they did find, though, makes a very colorful and exciting story of the Mexican hills and desert around the Rio Perdido hacienda. It is told by H. L. Davis.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS introduces you to an actor, Charles Laughton. Theodore Graham tells you what heroes like to drink in "Famous Thirsts." Walter Davenport writes the Short Short Story. And Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Alan LeMay, May Edginton and others add to the gayety.

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Cover by Robert O. Reid

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### Any Week

MR. O. V. LEONARD of Boise, Idaho, isn't kicking. He goes so far in his fine enthusiasm as to give several reverberating cheers for the New Deal. "And another thing," cries he. "Look at the way Jim Farley's stamps stick! Can't you remember how they were back in the days of Warren, Cal and Herb? They expected us poor folks to furnish our own glue. But no matter what they may say about Jim Farley, he certainly knows how to mix his mucilage. His stamps stick to the envelopes even for Republicans."



"HEARD you were down this way," writes Mr. Sam McLiss of Alexandria, Louisiana, "and tried to see you about a dream I had. Anyway it was like this: I dreamed Huey Long and his governor, bodyguard, brass band and stooge chorus held a meeting in this town and it broke up in an argument right away. I dreamed that after the band played There's a Long, Long Trail, Huey's governor, O. K. (Okay Huey) Allen, got up to introduce the senator. The governor started out by saying, 'My fellow citizens,' and Huey got up and said, 'That's out, Okay. Where do you get that stuff about your fellow citizens? The only fellow citizens in this state belong to me.' And right away there was an argument in the audience. Some said they were Huey's fellow citizens and some said they were anybody's fellow citizens and some said they were free, white and twenty-one and didn't belong to anybody. So the meeting broke up in a fight and Huey called his national guard and shot the audience and Okay. Then he introduced himself to the bodyguard, the chorus, the brass band and the national guard and there wasn't any more trouble."

AND as long as Mr. McLiss brings up the subject of discord we may as well tell you that the Christmas number of Collier's did not get into the home of the Honorable Pat J. Flannagan, chief of police of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. The chief was a bit depressed as we men are apt to be just before December 25th and looked with no warmth upon several illustrations of storm and strife. Whereat he wrote to us at once: "If this isn't a hell of a Christmas number I'll put in with you. Collier's is not going to my home this week. My kids fight too much as it is." Of course we might ask what he expects of a flock of Flannagan kids. But we won't.

HOWEVER, you and we know that a certain amount of grief is inevitable. It creeps into even such insignificant corners as this. Only our rather celebrated fortitude permits us to tell you the sorry plight Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wheeler of Jericho, Vermont, and Bradenton, Florida, found themselves in last summer when, during a four-month tour of our reviving country, they insisted upon having Collier's every Friday, come what might. "In one sizable town," writes Mr. Wheeler, "I demanded Collier's only to be disappointed again. I told the newsman it was Friday morning and asked him why he did not have his supply. He gave me a withering look and said, pointing to the clock, that of course he got his supply every week but that it was eleven o'clock and it wouldn't matter how many he had had, there wouldn't be any left at that time."

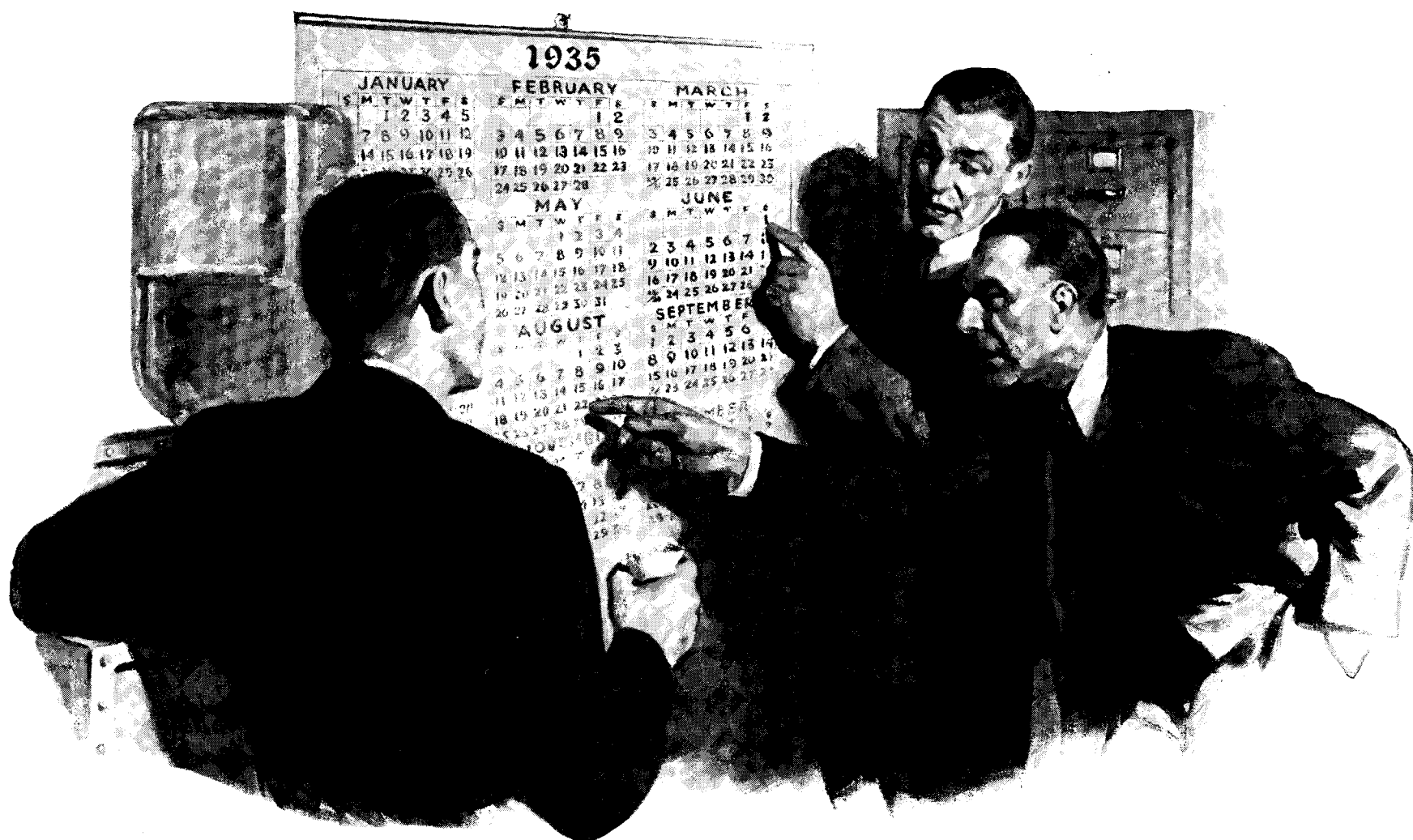


THROUGH it all, Mrs. Jenny Lossig of Sacramento, California, has maintained a nice, even temper. Some of the slogans and pep-phrases the New Deal has given us seemed a bit overdrawn, she says; but, all things considered, she has kept a tight grip on herself, never forgetting to hope for the best. "But," says she, "I feel as if the limit has been reached. Somebody down there in Washington is now coming out with Planned Abundance. What does Planned Abundance mean and what of it? I don't need much to have abundance, but if I get it I'll do the planning. Maybe there isn't much sense to this letter but when I heard that they were working on Planned Abundance I just lost all the sense I ever had. Planned Blah!"

AFTER all our very best economists failed, Mr. Joe G. Cooley of St. Joseph, Missouri, went out and found what ails our banking system. It's geography. Mr. Cooley went into a bank to borrow one hundred dollars. "The vice president passed me on to the president," says Mr. Cooley, "and the president called in two directors. They asked me a lot of questions and then the president turned me down, saying the situation in the Balkans compelled them to lay off any new loans. I asked him who said so. He said a friend of his who had just got back from looking the situation over in South America."

OF COURSE he meant Africa.





# Hay Fever

**M**ANY a hay fever sufferer can point to a calendar and foretell almost to the day when his misery will begin. Often, he knows how long it will last.

His acute distress is caused by pollen carried in the air from a particular kind of tree or grass or weed or, in rare instances, a flower. Some people may be affected by several types of pollen. Little or no relief may be secured until the particular types are known and proper measures are taken to immunize against them.

It requires patience on the part of the sufferer and thoroughness and understanding on the part of his doctor to find out, in advance of the dreaded season, whether hay fever will be brought on by a tree in April or May, a grass in June or July, or a weed in August or September.

One of the methods by which the doctor finds out which pollen causes hay fever consists of making a

series of tiny scratches, about an eighth of an inch long, which penetrate the outer skin. He may make from eight to thirty tests, the number depending upon the variety of air-borne pollens in the patient's locality. On each scratch the doctor applies one drop of a different pollen solution. If a particular pollen has caused past trouble, a slight, itching elevation will appear on the skin where the scratch was made.

Based on the results of these tests, the doctor knows just what to do and when to begin to build up the immunity of his patient against the individual trouble-making pollen or pollens.

Some stubborn cases do not yield to this immunizing process, but a majority of hay fever patients have been made far more comfortable by it. Many of them have been relieved completely.

The time to begin the battle against 1935 hay fever is now!



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

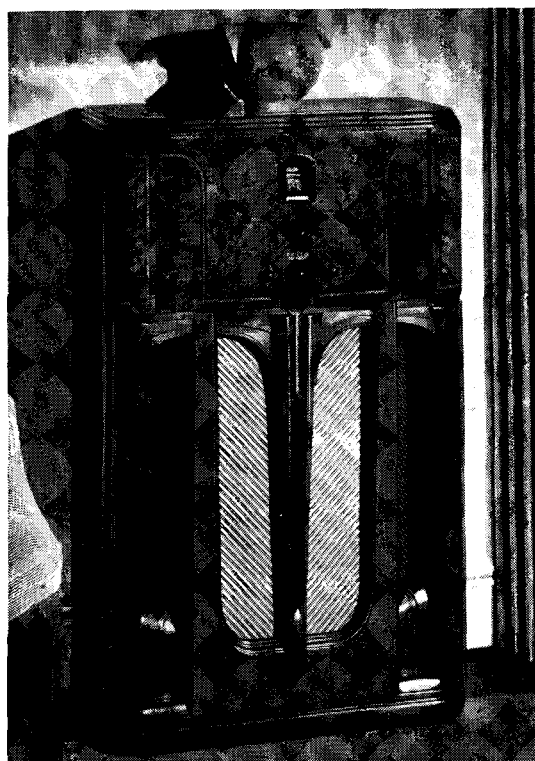
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# New Tonal Perfection

MADE POSSIBLE ONLY THROUGH PHILCO'S DOUBLED MUSICAL RANGE



## PHILCO HIGH-FIDELITY RADIO



The light portion of the diagram above represents the tonal range of the best previous radio (50 to 4,000 cycles). The dark portion indicates the *added* tonal range of the Philco High-Fidelity Radio (4,000 to 7,500 cycles). Not only does this Philco reproduce more of the high treble notes but also the very important overtones which give naturalness and realism to voice and music. By means of its Fidelity-Selectivity Control, the tonal range of Philco High-Fidelity Radio may be adjusted so that the *maximum* tonal range of any American station may be enjoyed.

So you might *fully* enjoy these overtones and the high notes (which tend to travel in straight lines), the Sound Beam Diffuser and Sound Diffusing Cabinet were developed to distribute voice and music evenly throughout the room as shown by the second diagram. With the Patented Inclined Sounding Board they give you, wherever you sit, full tonal beauty.

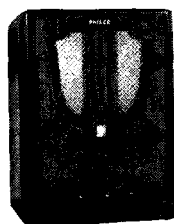


To hear the new High-Fidelity PHILCO is a startling experience! It brings you reception so completely real, so absolutely natural, so incomparably beautiful, you know, instantly, that here is tonal perfection!

The exquisite tone of this new, modern, 1935 PHILCO is the result of one of the greatest radio advances in recent years—an extended musical range nearly double that of the best previous radio! This allows the reproduction of overtones never before heard over the air—overtones which give beauty and quality to voice and music. Now for the first time, you hear every instrument, every voice, every inflection of speech.

With this PHILCO you can enjoy the same superb reception at any angle from which you may listen. For it incorporates a new and exclusive PHILCO development—the Sound Diffusing Cabinet—which distributes the tones evenly throughout the room.

Have your dealer demonstrate PHILCO High-Fidelity Radio—available in two magnificent models. The 201X (illustrated) at \$250 will give you perfect reception of American programs, plus thrilling entertainment from foreign countries. The 200X at \$200 provides for the reception of American programs only. You can own a High-Fidelity PHILCO easily by trading-in your present radio and paying the balance in convenient installments.



## NEW PHILCO 66S . . . \$42.50

An ideal radio for the person who wants both American and foreign reception in a smart, hand-rubbed cabinet of choice woods, small enough to fit on the table. Philco Simplified Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, 2-Point Tone Control, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Rubber-Floated Chassis, etc. A spectacular, new 1935 value!



# PHILCO

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Listen to Boake Carter over key Columbia Stations.  
Also Philco's program from EAQ, Madrid, Spain  
(9.87 on your Philco dial) Sundays at 7 P. M.,  
Eastern Standard Time.

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IMPROVE THE  
PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

American and Foreign Receivers . . . \$39.95 to \$600  
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New Philco Auto Radios . . . \$39.95 to \$85  
Prices slightly higher Denver and West.  
All prices subject to change without notice.

A PHILCO FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE \$20 TO \$600



# This, My Son

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

*A very small boy in a very tough spot.  
The story of a prize fight—with the  
main characters in the ringside seats*

AS EVERYONE but a schoolboy knows, it's not too hard to get a college degree, though it's hard enough if you'd rather do almost anything else in the world than read a book. The university gave Doc plenty of trouble, and medical school wasn't so easy either, though he did well enough in the laboratory and the dissecting-room. "Hunh!" said Doc, when they gave him his license, and "Harrgh!" he said, as he stepped back and dusted his hands after he screwed up his shiny new sign. "William Curtain Fentriss, M. D.," his shingle said, and "Walk In" was on the shabby door. Inside was Doc, five feet eleven, two hundred and twenty-four pounds, a nose that had been broken at various times but principally in the Michigan game, the forearms of a plasterer, and a high, reedy, carrying voice as heartening as a fox terrier's yip. Basso profundos are all right for funerals, but many a piping falsetto sounds the battle cry.

"Walk in." Patients did begin to walk in, and they sent their friends. Maybe it was his build, maybe it was his voice, maybe it was his huge and gentle hands. "Doctor" means learned man; he was no learned man; he was a healer. Strength and vigor flowed from him; when he came swinging into a room it was as if he brought a current of air. The professors who had sniffed at him should have seen him at a bedside.

Curiously enough, Doc didn't estimate himself first of all as a physician. Excellent, yes; one of the finest in the city, no doubt; an eminent general practitioner, well, of course, why certainly. That he took for granted. However, this was his secret belief, and it wasn't so secret either: that he had been the

greatest tackle of his day, and that only some personal animosity of Mr. Walter Camp's, whom he had never seen, had kept him off the All-America. Doc also considered that he was one of the best if not the very best poker player since Colonel Bowie, and, besides, that he might easily have been the heavyweight champion of the world.

Dandies make the best soldiers, so they say, and a conceited man makes a good doctor. Who else needs so high a concept of himself? Who has a better right to go swaggering about the world? As for his dress, Doc's neckties cost three dollars and looked it, and he wore a square-cut diamond in them, a diamond that, as he'd tell you, his wife had given him for his birthday. He'd use at least a dozen shirts a week, beautiful white linen shirts, size forty-six. "Sweat a lot," he'd say.

SO HE did. He spared himself no pains. No diversion ever kept him from a patient, no pique, and no disdain. Once, when his eldest girl was about nine, he gave her a slap because the phone stopped ringing before she answered it. "Listen, you!" he said. "When that phone rings, whoever is nearest answers it. You hear? Grab it. 'Doctor Fentriss' office,' you say. Never can tell what it is." He had a big practice by then. It wasn't that.

And his wife had nodded gravely, and had made no move to console the weeping Josephine. She knew Doc would do that. They knew his sudden rages, and the impulsive kindness that atoned for them. Strike a child in anger? Whenever else would one strike a child? None of them was ever much scared of Doc. No child ever was.

His wife called him Doc, too. She

was a Shipley, probably the first Shipley who ever called anyone Doc. She had a little money, but that wasn't the reason Doc married her. He married her because she was tall, and slim, and lovely as the morning. "My wife's an educated girl," he'd say. "Went to Bryn Mawr. Never think it, would you? I never saw anybody put on less airs than

my wife. You know, that girl plays the best poker of any woman I ever saw. I taught her. Had a game up in my house about a week ago, my brother Henry, my brother-in-law, Ted Swartz, Eddie Evans—you know him—and myself. Well, you know, a five-handed game is a little bit slow. So I said to my wife, 'Come on, Leonie, sit in.' First she didn't



His wife called him Doc, too. She was a Shipley, probably the first Shipley who ever called anyone Doc



want to, but finally she took a stack. What do you think? She took twenty-seven bucks away from those blood-hounds. She's a regular fellow, my wife is. Good poker player. Listen. There was a hand like this. . . ."

Leonie Fentriss didn't read many books, either. There was a Phi Beta Kappa key with her name on it hidden away in an old jewel box; she wore Doc's diamonds instead. Read? What time had she to read? She had three daughters in seven years. Great big strapping girls, they were, too, and pretty enough, not having Doc's broken nose. Another baby girl was born, and didn't live. Then, at last, a little son came, and Doc said, "Harrh!" again, and went right out and bought his wife a neat three-carat ring which she didn't really need. Doc never did find out that Leonie liked jade better than diamonds. Jade wasn't that important to her.

DOC wanted to call the boy Lee, after his wife. She smiled at him; she had a way of looking gravely at Doc, or at anyone she liked, and suddenly she'd smile, and she'd look like a child thinking of Christmas morning. Doc would look at her, too, and sometimes he'd wink at her. "What do you say, Lee?" he'd say. "Save your money and buy liquor," Lee would answer, as though it were part of a catechism lesson. She didn't drink or smoke; Doc never touched liquor, but he smoked all the time when he wasn't working.

"You can't call a boy by a sissy name like that," she said. "Call him Bill. Just to please me, Doc."

"O. K.," said Doc. "O. K." The day his son was born he gave away three boxes of twenty-five-cent cigars, and the servants at his club got fifteen or twenty dollars. Doc was forty-one, and that's a long time to wait for a son.

Young Bill had more than his share of the ailments of childhood. He was out of school a lot. Probably that's why he loved to study and to read. He was crazy about music, too. "Buy me a moogen," he'd say, when he was three or four. "Pop. Buy me a moogen." A moogen was any sort of thing that would make a tinkling sound. Doc bought him plenty of them. He'd have brought him home a caisson from the Delaware River Bridge, upon request.

Even when he was well, Leonie would say: "Doc, Bill's in the house too much. All he wants to do is read." "Let him alone. Let him alone," Doc would say. "He's a bright kid, brightest kid I ever saw. He doesn't say much, but he's bright, all right. Why, listen, Lee. Last Saturday he called two plays I missed. Got eyes like a sewer-rat. I thought

the half had the ball; I'd have played it that way, myself. And I was wrong. Wrong! It was a nice play, too. He's going to make some quarterback, that kid is. Fills out a little. . . ."

Few would have thought of Bill as a likely quarterback. He had the face of young St. Michael, but his body was slim and frail. He was quiet and shy and courteous, and he had the air of remoteness and detachment that belongs to those who live much in their thoughts. Solitary and aloof, the heroes of legend and antiquity were his companions, Siegfried, Scanderbeg, Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Drake, Athos, and D'Artagnan, and Henry of Navarre, Leonidas—and his father. He was twelve years old, one of the ages when it is well to have heroes.

He and Doc had a standing engagement for Saturday afternoons. It might be a football game or a baseball game, or soccer, or polo, or lacrosse. A man who'll give his mind to it can usually find an athletic event to watch on Saturdays, even in the bad seasons. It didn't make much difference if it were thirty or forty miles away; Doc drove a big, heavy car, and he liked driving better than so busy a doctor should.

They didn't talk much, and, at that, Doc did most of it. Each of them had a great respect for the other, a great and inarticulate love. Doc was at ease with the fine and tender woman who married him, and with his poker-playing friends. With his young son, he was not quite at ease, and yet there was no other companion he preferred. As for Bill, it made no difference where they went. He was always glad to go.

NOW it happened that the Honorable Josiah Swayne became senator for the state, and Mr. Swayne's foot used to touch Doc's foot in the days when football was played that way. So, when they needed a new medical man for the Boxing and Wrestling Commission, Swayne happened to think of Doc. The appointment went through without a hitch, as Swayne's suggestions generally did. Just as a job, it didn't amount to such a lot—thirty-five hundred a year or so. But did Doc love it! It was as though they had given him his young days back again, the days when he was not Doc, but Slooey Fentriss, the terrible tackle. When he'd go downtown the tough men would greet him with respect, the gamblers, the gangsters, the promoters and politicians. It pleased him to be known wherever he went, to be recognized as a tough man himself, a man of hardy virtues. Also, he had tickets to give away, and giving things away was fun for him always.

The first really important fight he had to handle was the bout between Sikora and Jimmy Ahearn, at the Arena. Sikora had been pretty close to the championship, and then he'd dropped a close decision at the Garden. Ahearn was just a good rough boy from Wilkes-Barre. It looked like an easy spot for Sikora, but they slip fast when once they begin to go, and the match was arousing a lot of interest. The New York crowd would all be over to see it, and the advance sale indicated a sell-out.

"You got much work for Tuesday?" Doc said to Bill. "You better study your lesson Monday afternoon. Take you to see the fight. The Sikora-Ahearn fight."

Bill gulped. He'd never seen a prize fight. "Gee, Pop!" he said. "I'll—I'll study them Monday, all right. I. . . ." "Hunh!" said Doc. "Be a good fight. O. K., then."

THE street was black with cars on Monday night. "Hey, you! You can't park there," a policeman said. "Oh! O. K., Doc!" Doc nodded. Money couldn't buy that privilege, or that satisfaction, either. "Come on, Bill," he said, and shouldered his way through the crowds and the lines, up to the gate marked "Press." "Hello, Doc. Hello, Doc," people were saying to him, and Bill heard someone say, "That's Slooey Fentriss, the Doc for the Commission." He'd have liked to tell his father that, but he did not. Doc would only have said "Hunh!" anyway.

The place was jammed, and two boys were fighting under the glaring white lights in the center of the arena. Doc looked at Bill. "You want to meet Sikora?" he said.

All Bill could do was nod his head.

"O. K. Wait a minute." He spoke to an usher. "Doctor Stiles here yet?" "Yes, sir. Up at the ringside." "All right," said Doc. He turned to Bill. "Uncle Charley Stiles is here," he said. "Don't have to hurry. Come on. Take you to see Sikora. This Ahearn's only a tramp. Sikora is going to be champion of the world."

Doc pushed open a dressing-room door. It was crowded, inside, and a half-naked man was sitting on a bench, while they taped his hands. "Hello, Sikora," said Doc. The big Pole got to his feet easily and naturally, and put out his bandaged hand. "Doctor," he said. "H're you?" said Doc. "Want you to meet my son."

Sikora smiled.

"How do you do, young Doctor?" he said, and shook hands with Bill. "I hope you see a good fight tonight."

"Thank you," said Bill. "I—I hope you win."

"I try to win," said Sikora. "Maybe you bring me luck. How old are you, sir?"

"I'm twelve," said Bill.

"I am twenty-six," said Sikora. "I have a son, not so big as you. He is three."

"Got an early start," said Doc. "Well. Good luck."

"He's awful big, Pop," said Bill, as they made their way back along the corridor.

"Yes," said Doc. "He's big. Got a fine build, that Polack. Got a lot of class, too."

"He speaks good English. Did he go to college, Pop?"

"Says he did. In Warsaw. He's no dummy."

"Wouldn't he make a fullback, Pop?"

"Well, you never can tell. Build isn't everything."

"You think he'll win?"

"Should win. This Ahearn is no set-up. Examined him today. A tough egg. A million-dollar body and a ten-cent head. He's nobody. You don't want to meet him."

"No," said Bill. He wouldn't have minded meeting Ahearn, just the same.

"You wait here for a second. I'm going to run in and see him. I'll be right out."

It was some time before he came back. It seemed very long to Bill, waiting, and listening to the milling feet, and the shouts of the crowd inside. People passed and repassed, and stared at him. "What's the matter, Kid? Why'd cha go inside? Cha wanna see the fights?" one of them said.

"I'm waiting for my father, Doc Fentriss," Bill said.

"Oh! Well, he'll be out."

DOC came, rushing along, at last. "Sorry, Bill," he said. "Big argument in there. Ahearn's manager wants a bigger percentage of the gate. Maybe a bluff, I don't know. Looked for a while as though there'd be no fight."

"Aren't they going to fight?"

"Oh, yes, they're going to fight, all right. Let's go."

An usher brought them up the aisle. There seemed to be no room for them, but suddenly there was room. They had chairs right in the middle of the ringside. Doc was saying, "Hello. H're you?" to a great many people near them.

Two lightweights were finishing a slow, dull bout above them. They clinched and held. Each of them seemed clumsy and tired. When the bell rang, they hugged each other, and patted each



Doc was saying things to himself. Three more rounds, he was saying. It's a tough fight for the kid to see. He's such a fine little kid



other's back. The referee collected the slips from the judges and spread his hands wide. "Draw," said Doc. "How was it, Joe?"

Joe, the thin, sad-looking man next to Doc, said it had been terrible and Doc nodded.

"Didn't miss much," he said to Bill. "These fellows are no good. Sometimes you see a fine fight in a preliminary bout. Generally, you don't."

"When does Sikora fight?" said Bill. "About ten minutes. That was the third preliminary. They put the wind-up on next. Then the semi-final. That'll get the New York boys home earlier."

He pulled a cigar out of his pocket, and bit the end off. "This Sikora is in a spot," he said. "He's got to win this fight. If he loses, he's washed up. Oh, I don't say he can't make a few dollars fighting wind-ups at small clubs, but he'll never get another shot at the big money. You see, he's not popular. He's a Polack, a foreigner. Hasn't got much business sense, either. Got about four different managers taking a cut out of whatever he makes. So, if he gets a fifth of whatever his percentage is here tonight, he's lucky."

"How did he get himself like that, Pop?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's a foreigner, you see. Like to see him win this."

THERE was a stirring, a flurry over at the doors. "Here comes Ahearn," said Doc. "Ahearn is coming in."

Black-browed and gap-toothed and hairy was Ahearn, and he stalked up the aisles with his handlers at his heels. He waved his left arm and he waved his right arm acknowledging the greetings of friends and foes, and, ducking through the ropes, he went to the middle of the ring. There, lifting his clasped hands above his head, he turned to every side of the house, his bathrobe swirling, and he shook his clenched fists at the sky.

"He says he's here for no good," said Doc, and chuckled, and Bill laughed too, and his heart was full of breathless joy.

"How's the Polack look, Doc?" said Joe.

"Looks great. There, take a look. Here he comes."

In walked Sikora, neither fast nor slow, grave, and composed, and waving no greetings. That's the way Sydney Carton went to the guillotine, Bill was thinking. That's the way Childe Roland went up to his dark tower. That's the way a gentleman should go, easily, and simply, and trying to keep from showing people his real feelings.

Sikora did not salute the house. He



Sikora smiled and shook hands with Bill. "I hope you see a good fight tonight"



went right over to Ahearn's corner and put out his white-taped hands. Ahearn touched them with both his own; he did not rise. They spoke to each other, and as Sikora turned to his own corner, Ahearn's mouth curled, and he said something to one of his handlers, and they laughed.

They took two pictures of them, in the middle of the ring; the air was full of bitter smoke. The picture Bill would have preferred was the referee with his fat friendly hands upon their necks, as he pattered his instructions, and then their quick turning to their corners, and their bathrobes going off, just as the bell was ringing.

They came out carefully. Each of them could hit: the Pole could spar. He jabbed Ahearn twice with his left hand, and Ahearn was short with the counter. Sikora jabbed once, twice, three times. Ahearn's right whistled by his ear. Suddenly Ahearn came in, ripping both

hands to the body. They stood head to head and slammed away at ribs and stomach; then they clinched, and the referee broke them.

"Ahearn will fight him," said Joe.

"Yes. He'll fight him," said Doc.

SIKORA had all the better of the boxing. His reach was the longer, and his left was like a snake. It wasn't doing much damage but it was piling up the points. "He'll left-hand him to death," said Doc. "You notice he hasn't let the right go, yet, Bill?"

"Yeah," said Bill.

"Got a murderous right. He won't throw it till he's ready. Other boy keeps shooting all the time. Got no class, this Ahearn. See the way Sikora keeps turning him? He'll never let Ahearn get set. Sikora will just keep chopping him with that left till he goes crazy. Then he'll come in wide open one time, and that will be all."

"Uh-huh," said Bill.

How easy and graceful Sikora was! There was no aimless motion, no danc-ing, no feinting and weaving, but only that flicking left hand, menacing and poised. So must the circling point of the bright sword of D'Artagnan have seemed. Thus it would have been on the sands of old arenas when the man with the net and trident fled the swords-man's steady drive. Many a time you'd thought of that, how the net would fall in a sort of cloud, while the gladiator in the heavy armor pressed in, sullen and steadfast and watchful. What a splendid thing, to have a body that moved with deftness and precision, so that you defied mere awkward strength! How fine it was to slide in to meet his rush, warding his clumsy blows and beating him back until he'd clutch and hold!

"Sikora's round," said Doc. "By a mile," said Joe. Bill drew a big breath

(Continued on page 56)





When I strolled into Professor Gregg's classroom, there was Mike McCoskey

## Snap Course

*The story of Professor Gregg's daughter, and those suitors of hers—told by an authority who knew a great deal more about football than about girls*

By Elmer Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

IT WAS a tough break for some of us old grads when the colleges went highbrow on us. The other day I went to an alumni luncheon where the new president of my alma mater (you probably never heard of it, but it's a pretty good college back in those parts) told us how he was making it harder to get into and a good deal harder to get out of, unless they threw you out. The idea being, he explained, that the business of a college was to train the minds of superior persons; he wanted to keep out, or weed out, the sort of people who didn't belong there at all.

I'll swear that when he said that he looked straight at me. Well, I admit I'm no scholar; I'd never have got a diploma if some of the professors, in those less earnest days, hadn't been willing to stretch a point for an all-state tackle. All the same, I got quite a lot out of college, especially out of one course in my senior year. And that crack about superior persons took me back to something old Professor Gregg said, as we were finishing that course in Aryan philology—

No, he didn't say it about me; I wasn't superior in anything but football. The only really superior person we had on our campus was Russell Brewington. His father had all kinds of money, and Russ intended to go to Yale; but the old man was quite a churchman, and insisted that he must spend his first year or two at the local denominational college. At first Russ

used to remind us that he was going on to Yale before long; but presently he stopped, and I've always suspected that somebody—Hazel Gregg, most likely—had warned him that the next time he said that the reply would be, "For the love of Pete, go—and see if we care." At any rate, Russ never did go on to Yale; and we all knew that the reason he didn't was Hazel Gregg.

WE COULD understand that, for a lot of us thought we were in love with Hazel—even I, though I didn't know her well enough to tell her about it. There may have been better-looking girls in town, but nobody noticed them much when Hazel was around; there was something about her. She was the daughter of the Greek professor—one

of the last of those old-fashioned, long-bearded professors; impractical, unworldly scholars who still managed to raise a family on eighteen hundred dollars a year. Our college wasn't coeducational, and he couldn't afford to send Hazel away to school; besides, she'd been keeping house since her mother died. So she stayed right there—and so did Russell Brewington.

You seldom caught Russ studying, but he led all his classes just the same. He was too light for football, but he won the intercollegiate tennis championship year after year. He had more money to spend on clothes than the rest of us, but even in overalls he'd have been the best-dressed man in college. On the campus he wasn't popular (not that he cared); but away from home—

at fraternity conventions, and so on—we were all proud of him, for he gave our college a front. So even after a bunch of alumni had dug Mike McCoskey out of a coal mine, and sent him to college to become the best fullback in half a dozen states, Russ remained the chief ornament of our campus.

For all that, nobody knew how he stood with Hazel. She had dates with him, but she had dates with lots of people; even I was allowed to take her to a dance occasionally. She was too good for anybody but a superior person; but she hadn't made up her mind when our senior year began—Russ' and mine; and though we didn't know it, we were in for more education than we'd ever got before in our lives.

"WE OUGHT to have a great team this fall," said the coach, "if—"

He was dining at our fraternity house the night before college opened, to talk things over with Russ and me. I happened to be football captain that year, and Russ was student manager.

"The trouble is," said the coach, "that two or three of these professors would just as soon flunk a letter man as not, right in the middle of the season. And this squad has pretty nearly used up all the snap courses in college."

"Worrying about me?" I asked him. "I always get by, don't I?"

"Yes, you do—by sitting up half the night studying. You can't afford to waste that time, Joe; you need sleep. And Mike McCoskey—"



Well, Mike was a problem. He'd stopped school about the sixth grade to go to work, and even a snap course at college was tough for him. Except in languages; he was some kind of foreigner, and he said that after his own language everything else was easy. But about the only way you could pull him through an examination in anything else was to let him sit in the back row and copy the answers from the man beside him. At that, he was a likable roughneck. . . . The coach, now, had got out the college catalogue and was looking through it, frowning.

"Current events," he said. "Every man on the team has passed that course, and they won't let you take it twice. English 6B—there's another snap, but you and Mike took it last year. Gosh, Joe, I don't know how we'll ever—Wait a minute; what's this? . . . Aryan Philology. Elective. Professor Gregg. . . . What the dickens is philology?"

"Origins and relations of languages," said Russ Brewington. "I took that course last year. It's extremely interesting."

"I DON'T care a hoot whether it's interesting," said the coach. "What I want to know is, is it easy?"

Russ shrugged.

"Oh, yes. Very easy."

"Old Gregg would be easy too," the coach meditated, "teaching anything but Greek. He don't even know what year it is. . . . That settles it, Joe. You sign up for Aryan philology—and you won't be the only one."

I certainly wasn't. When I strolled into Professor Gregg's classroom next morning, there was Mike McCoskey, huge and grinning—his neck so tough you could sharpen a razor blade on it, but a good guy at that—and seven other football regulars, besides some of the scrubs. Also there were three or four fuzzy-looking nondescripts—the sort of

fellows that nobody knows whether they're in college or not—genuine students, who didn't know what to make of this mob of huskies barging in on them.

But when old Professor Gregg peered through his spectacles at a crowded classroom, he positively beamed. He made us a speech about "what the unthinking term unproductive scholarship"—how there was no money in philology, no practical use except to broaden and deepen our own minds; and how happy it made him to see such enthusiasm for pure learning among college students. The old boy got so worked up that he talked to us all through the period, and forgot to assign us any work for the next day; and Mike McCoskey and I thought that was fine.

But later Hazel called me up—something she'd never done before.

"Like to take a walk with me, Joe, after football practice?"

Of course I'd like it, and I said so. When I met her, she was mad.

"What's the idea of all this sudden enthusiasm for philology?" she asked me as we walked across the campus. I told her; you'd have had to tell her anything she wanted to know, when she looked like that.

"I was afraid so," she said. "When Father came home—Joe, it was pathetic! Last year he started this philology course as an extra, knowing that only three or four people would be interested; and today, when his classroom was full, he came home with tears in his eyes, he was so happy. And it was only you yahoos from the football squad looking for something easy! . . . Whatever made you think Aryan philology was a snap course?"

"Why," I began, "Russ said—"

"Russ! Of course it was easy, for him. Everything is. But people like you and Mike McCoskey—I suppose Russ might have thought that would be

funny, without ever stopping to realize—" She was looking right through me now, her gray eyes chilly as steel. "Yes," she mused, "he really might think that sort of thing is funny."

"Russ wouldn't hurt the team," I reminded her. "He knew we could drop out of the class as soon as we found how hard it was, and take something else instead. Which is what we'll do tomorrow."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Hazel. "If three quarters of Father's class drops out the second day, he'll feel— You can't do that, Joe! You simply can't!" Her eyes were holding mine, now—warm and bright and pleading. I saw that we couldn't, if she felt like that.

"But, my gosh, Hazel, this will ruin the team! If it's as tough as all that, we'll all flunk our first monthly examination."

"No, you won't. You'll be tutored, all you football men."

"Who'd tutor us? Russ will be too busy, and the others—"

"I'll tutor you," she said. I blinked. "I can," she said impatiently. "Father's tried to make up for not sending me to college by teaching me at home. I'm going to feed you behemoths Aryan philology and make you like it. But you needn't think this is going to be any snap course."

AND it wasn't—especially for me. For this was all my fault. If I'd told the rest of the squad what they were getting into—in other words, if I hadn't been so goofy about Hazel that I'd do anything she asked me—they'd all have dropped that class after the first day; but by the time they found out for themselves how tough it was, it was too late to drop it. I'd got the whole team into a jam and I had to see them through it somehow. That was my first lesson in responsibility—just a beginning of the education I got that year.

Never mind what the coach said to me when he found out what I'd done; it was plenty, but I'll bet it wasn't as scorching as what Hazel said to Russ Brewington. He looked very sour that fall; he'd been elected president of the senior class (not that we wanted him, but it would have been absurd to elect anybody else), but that didn't help much when he wasn't getting any dates with Hazel. Nobody was getting any dates with Hazel—except the football squad, which met her in an unused classroom every evening to have the next day's philology lesson pounded into their thick heads.

AND what did her father think about that? He didn't know. She'd made every one of us promise not to tell him what she was doing, and the old gentleman was so happy over our college's sudden enthusiasm for pure scholarship that it never occurred to him to wonder where his daughter was spending her evenings. So the football team learned enough philology to get by, and we won our first three or four games handily—and I discovered that I was having the time of my life.

For Hazel depended on me, treated me as a partner, turned to me for advice; and when you feel about a woman the way I felt about her, there's no greater intoxication than that.

I usually walked home with her after our cramming class; and one evening, when we were sauntering across the campus with her arm in mine, I suddenly found myself telling her all the things that I'd never felt I knew her well enough to say before. And she seemed to enjoy it.

"But, Joe dear!" she said presently, "I like you a lot, but—"

"But you like somebody else better? . . . Russ, I suppose?"

"No . . . I don't like anybody else better. . . . But I'm not sure I like you enough; and even if I were—being married is no snap course, Joe—not for me, anyway; I'd give it all I've got. And it's only sensible, when you're picking out a man to spend your life with, to be sure he's what you want. . . . I was all set to say yes to Russ, a month ago." She took my hands. "Please don't misunderstand, my dear!" she begged me. "I thought I knew him pretty well; and he's going to be somebody. A man who'd be worth all I've got. I wasn't crazy about him; but I liked him better than anybody else, then—"

"THEN?" I broke in. "How about now?" She laughed chokily, and I kissed her; and for a minute or so I thought everything was all right.

"Hazel," I said, "I can't run any bluff on you about my going to be somebody; you know me too well. But what I've got is all yours, if you want it. I've got the promise of a job in a real-estate office in Capital City, after I graduate. Only eighteen a week to begin with; we couldn't live on that. But my father left me a little money when he died; there'll be about five thousand left when I'm through college. That would give us our start, carry us till I'm making more—"

"Oh, my dear! It sounds swell, but—I don't know you well enough yet. I thought I knew Russ, and then he did something that made me furious; so I'd want to be sure. . . . Damn!" she said. "I talk as if you had to pass an examination to get me. I'm only trying to be sensible but I sound conceited, and cold. . . . Kiss me again, Joe!" . . . Well, I did—and she certainly wasn't cold. . . . All at once she tore herself out of my arms. "Let me go home alone, Joe. . . . Make me go home alone. I—I need help—"

So I made her go home alone; and  
(Continued on page 36)



"Well, that's pretty soft for us," I said before I thought



# A Modern Home for Everyone

By John T. Flynn

ON ELECTION day, just about the time the nation was filling the ballot boxes with grief for those who disagree with the President, I was talking with one of the leading real estate men of Chicago in his office. I wanted to find out something about the need for houses in Chicago and get his views on the idea of a government housing program. I have never seen a simple question send a man into such a gale of conversational wrath.

"Government houses!" he exclaimed. "Why? How? Haven't we always built houses enough? I mean whenever we needed them? Come here!"

And he yanked me over to a filing cabinet.

"Look here! These are vacancies. All over Chicago. Houses we can't rent. Houses that have been vacant for over a year. Some of them two years. Some of them new houses, too. And the rents! If I had time I could show you that some of these houses are not earning enough rent to pay the taxes and interest on the mortgage.

"If we needed houses in this country, don't you think the private builders would know it? And wouldn't they build them? That's their business and they'll start building as soon as the need is clear.

"Just as soon as Junior and his little wife get a job, isn't it a cinch that they'll tell Dad goodbye and thank him for the room rent for the last year or two and settle in their own little nest? Isn't the real trouble not the need for houses but the need for money to pay rent? And when Mr. and Mrs. Junior are working and have money to pay rent and thus create a demand for houses, won't the private builders start in to supply them with houses right away?"

There's a lot of truth, but some pretty big holes in this. But I couldn't even get a chance to suggest them to this explosive fellow.

"Isn't house-building and house-owning a business like every other business in this country? And isn't it in a pretty bad way now? And that because there are too many houses? The government killed the little pigs to get the price of pork up. But now it wants to have a different plan for houses. It wants to build more. That'll bring rents down more and bankrupt the landlord. Of course, I know the landlord isn't very popular. But after all, he pays just about all our city taxes out of rent. Most landlords can't pay their taxes now. And as long as real estate is unprofitable no one is going to build houses. And furthermore, isn't the government in enough kinds of business now? Why put it in the housing business? It simply doesn't make sense to me."

This little speech expresses pretty well the various forms of confusion extant about this whole business of housing. As far back as 1929 I wrote in Collier's an article calling attention to the importance of housing as a base of national prosperity and suggesting that it was building which had always made us prosperous and it was building alone which could keep us so. Twice since I have written articles urging a government housing program as a recovery measure. Now the government is getting closer to this plan, but with a good many disagreements and confusions still to be ironed out.

If you want to get a headache try reading the headlines in the newspapers about housing. They fling billions

*Our government is definitely in the home-building business. A number of low-cost home projects are either completed or under way and Uncle Sam is prepared to start on nearly two thousand more. Incidentally, this creates plenty of work for unemployed carpenters, masons and other artisans, thus reducing the relief rolls. Mr. Flynn tells you here how it works*



The Cleveland slum area where the PWA \$3,000,000 low-cost housing project will provide modern sanitary quarters for 624 families at a monthly rental of \$6.50 per room. Below, the Chicago slum area to be razed and rebuilt at a cost of \$125,000,000

about and talk about settled but contradictory programs and produce hopeless confusion. There are several schools of thought on the subject in Washington. One believes that we should build, but that this is a job for private industry. Behind this idea are Mr. Donald Richberg, the President's Number One man, and Mr. H. I. Harriman, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. James A. Moffett, head of the Federal Housing Administration.

## Two Kinds of Housing

Another group believes the government should embark on a great program of low-cost home construction. In this group are Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who is also Public Works Administrator, and Harry L. Hopkins, head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Before this gets into print the point will probably be decided by the President. But it will be a tentative and temporary decision under which, perhaps, the final course will be left to time.

I think there is some confusion about the whole thing which is far from clear in Washington. The contending factions fail to recognize that there are two very different kinds of housing in this country.

There's Group One—which includes

homes of, let us say, the upper fifty million. They are the houses that cost from \$3,000 to \$3,000,000.

There's Group Two—the castles of the lower fifty million. The cost is unimportant.

Now this Group One belongs unquestionably to the private builders. At least, they have always built whatever has been supplied in that grade.

But Group Two belongs to nobody. Stroll around your city and look these houses over. They are the homes that rent for from six dollars down to three dollars a room. You will notice one or two things about them. They are either shacks or old houses that once boasted some respectability but are now stricken with years and disrepair. The original owners and tenants have moved out to newer houses in Group One. The poorer tenants have moved into these cast-off homes of other people. They may be thirty, forty, sixty, seventy-five years old. I can show anyone who wishes to examine the matter such houses a hundred years old. The big point is that private builders do not build in this group. Nobody does. This is the used-house or secondhand market.

This division ought to help at least to clear up the argument. If it is correct, then we can say right away that these Group One houses belong to the private building industry. I, for one,

do not think the government should build any houses in this group.

But as private industry doesn't want to have anything to do with Group Two, then there is no reason why the government shouldn't go into that field, provided it will help recovery.

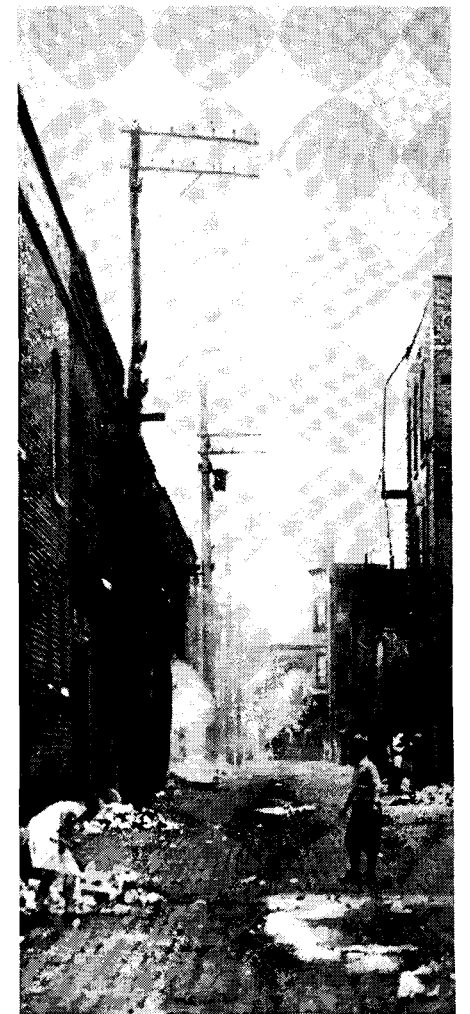
When the real estate men say there are already too many houses, they are referring to these upper crust Group One homes. When the advocates of government housing say there is a dire need of homes, they are talking about these squalid Group Two homes. Perhaps, then, we can say both parties are correct. If that is so, then it is a job for the government and for private industry. Maybe we can use the plan of Mr. Moffett and the plans of Messrs. Ickes and Hopkins. As to what all this has to do with recovery—we will come to that in a moment.

## Time is Our Ally

But, with all due respect to my irate real estate friend in Chicago, I think he has forgotten the work of an old gentleman who has been laboring three eight-hour shifts every day all through the depression. He wasn't elected to office, isn't a politician, but has been busy night and day with a recovery program of his own. This is Old Man Time.

He's been doing some wonderful things in his own way. For one thing, he has been busy producing people. He has turned out a neat net increase of two million of them in this country these last four years. These brand-new people need homes and two million of them require about half a million additional homes.

But while Old Man Time has been producing new folks, he has been as in-





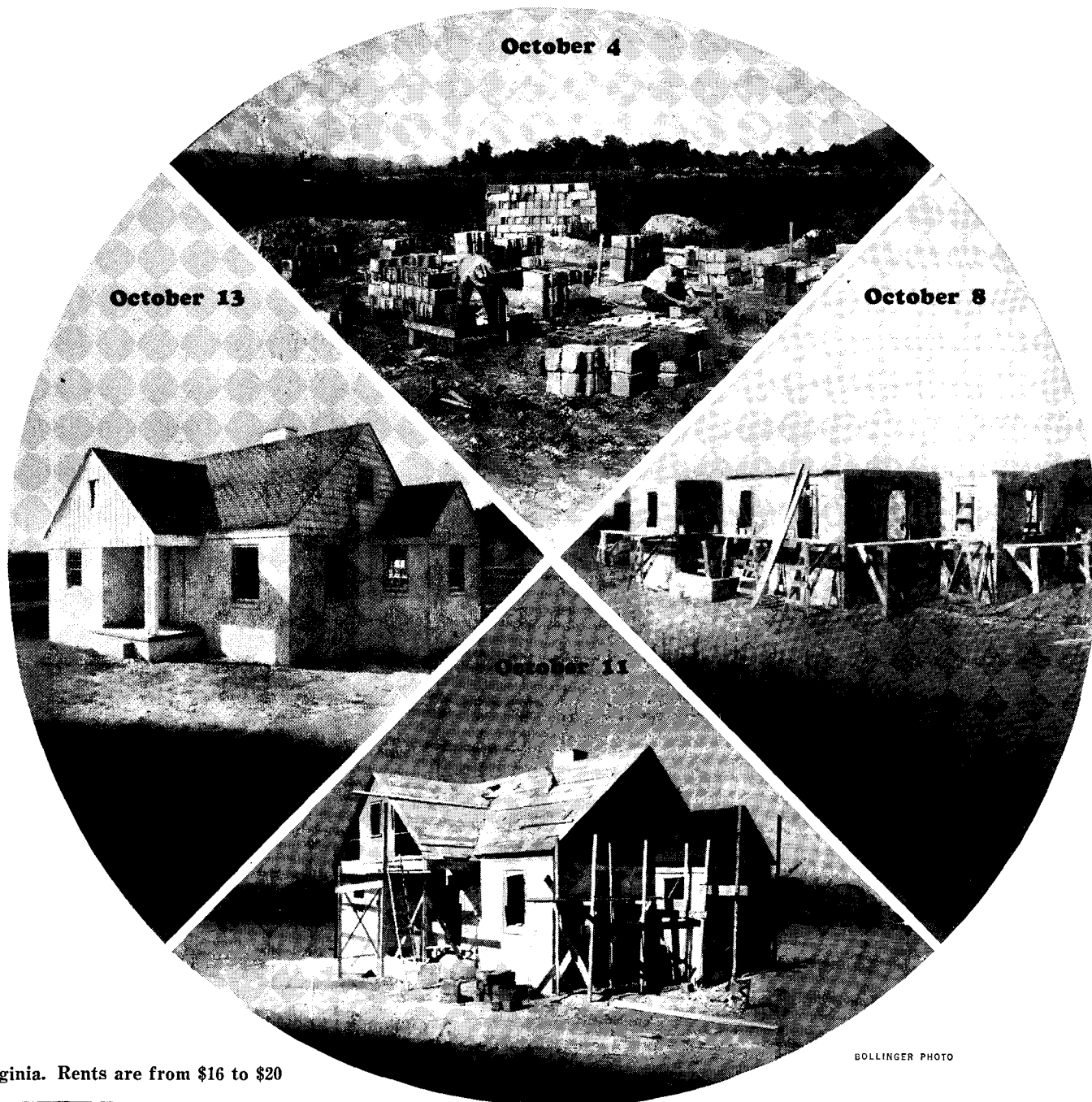
dustriously eating up old houses. I think you would be surprised if you could know precisely the number of houses we knock down in this vast country every year. The figures are not obtainable. But here in this little village of New York there are some facts obtainable which are worth your attention. For instance, think this one over:

In 1933 in Manhattan, which has more than two million population, we did not build a single apartment house. But we demolished 179. Of course an apartment house contains many dwelling units. So to put the matter differently, we built not a single tenement dwelling unit, but destroyed 2,556. The year before was nearly as bad. We built 10 tenement houses with 643 dwelling units in them. We demolished 156 with 1,713 units. Last year we built just three, mostly with government funds, containing 859 dwelling units. We demolished 156 with 1,872 units. As for private homes, we put up seven new ones last year and destroyed 98.

#### Wanted: Two Million Homes

There are several ways of checking our new-house needs. In 1930 we had 18,000,000 dwellings in America. Obsolescence is at the rate of two per cent a year. That's fairly reasonable. You probably know that houses do not average over fifty years of age in this country. Well, at two per cent a year we should be losing 360,000 homes every twelve months. In four years that would be 1,440,000 houses. With an increase in population of 2,000,000 we would require 500,000 additional houses. Add these two figures and you will see that we ought to build at least 1,940,000 houses just to keep abreast of where we were in 1929. To do that would cost around six billion dollars, at the very least.

Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator, has made some researches into this matter. The



BOLLINGER PHOTO

PWA houses at Alta Vista, Virginia. Rents are from \$16 to \$20



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS ©



Proof that the government can really build low-cost houses at low cost. Four stages in the construction of one of 150 houses at Red House, W. Va., by FERA workers. Average cost, including barn and  $\frac{3}{4}$ -acre plot, was \$2,150

figures are based not on estimates but upon actual conditions found by visiting practically every house in 64 American cities. After making ample allowances for error and for vacancies, he found an apparent deficiency of 442,000 houses in these cities. These 64 cities hold one seventh of the population of the country. If the same figure holds for the nation he estimates that we have an actual deficiency of approximately three million homes. Of course, he includes great numbers of houses in which people are living merely because there are no better accommodations—structures which should be fed to the wreckers. Cut Mr. Hopkins' figure in half and you have a deficiency which is a challenge to the nation which has the men, which has the machines and which has the money, too.

The facts are about as follows—and they are pregnant with meaning for those who are charged with the business of recovery: In the upper group of houses—the better homes which should be built by private industry—a shortage is developing, a considerable shortage in some places. In the lower group of homes it is not so much a question of shortage as of an absolute lack

of decent housing. In an article published in Collier's last year I enumerated the almost unbelievable lack of modern conveniences—even water and air—in a great number of these homes.

#### Low-Cost Homes the Answer

In Group One, private builders will go to work as soon as the shortage becomes acute and the demand effective—that is, as soon as our people have the incomes. In the lower group, private industry will not go to work. Now, then, here is the nub of the whole matter: If the government will go to work in this lower bracket, will build low-cost homes for the workers with small incomes, this will stimulate the whole building industry—will put lumber mills, brick yards, cement plants, plumbing and wiring and hardware manufacturers to work.

Despite the name of government housing, the actual construction and supplying of materials will come from private industry. The government merely supplies the funds and direction. Then presently, out of the employment and income thus created, we will see the demand for the better class of homes take on vitality. The effect will be the stimulation of the private building industry in the field which is peculiarly its own.

(Continued on page 32)

The first home in the PWA-built community at McComb, Tennessee



# The Manager

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

*Who ever heard of a naval officer going into the woman's dress fashions business! Well, prepare to hear about not one but four who did just that—and Miss Emily P. Simmons, the girl behind the guns*

WE HAD an impressive ceremony at the Jolly Bachelors Club in Long Beach that night. Good old Spud Geraghty had left us. We stood his chair against the wall and broke his beer stein and tied a black ribbon on his clay pipe. Jojo Mellish, our secretary, wrote in the roster opposite Spud's name: "Entered Into Matrimony, December 12, 1933. Vale, Spud!"

One more good man gone the way of all weak flesh. I looked at Greg Dunbar and winced. We didn't say anything—the moment was too solemn—but I knew what Greg was thinking and he knew what I was thinking. We were guilty of the marriage of Spud Geraghty to Emily P. Simmons. This thing was our responsibility; ours and Harry Nevins'. The three of us had got Spud into it.

Four young Navy lieutenants, meaning us, had gone into the women's dress shop business on the side. Four happy, care-free bachelors had bought stock in Right Dress Inc. And now there were three. Poor old Spud. He never had a chance, really. We all stuck our necks out, buying that dress shop, and the silken cord tightened about Spud's throat. Hereafter, ladies and gentlemen, I will make the songs of America and you can make its dresses.

Post mortems are always grisly, and all Greg said when the meeting broke up was: "I hope the poor guy's happy." All I said was: "Yes, I hope so." But we avoided each other's eyes. We envied Harry Nevins, who was stuck with a Quartermaster detail in Panama, and had escaped the full horror of it. Greg and I had been on the scene from start to finish.

"You're taking this too hard, Milt," Shivvy Patson said, as the meeting broke up. Several other Jolly Bachelors grinned. I managed a smile, but all the time I was thinking: "You here—smiling. And poor Spud married."

Being an officer and, by Act of Congress, a gentleman, I can say nothing against the girl. Her name was Emily P. Simmons and it is now Mrs. Loring J. Geraghty. We Jolly Bachelors have our ethics. We fight like men to save a brother club member from catastrophe, but we stand with heads bowed and tongues silenced before the altar. We are bound by that sacred maxim of the Jolly Bachelors which reads: "Speak nothing but good of the married."

I am not bitter toward Emily P. Simmons. It is as natural for a young woman to desire a husband as for a

tigress to hunt the gentle antelope or the female cobra to fang little Hindu children. It is quite true that Emily used tactics beyond the pale of masculine ethics, but I bear her no ill will. My bitterness lies in the thought that Greg and Harry and Spud and I bought stock in Right Dress Inc.

Naval officers should stick to men and ships and guns. Naval officers should invest their savings in gold mines, in oil wells, in patents or in any of the hallowed and traditional methods of losing money. But let them not, O Lord, ever again become involved in a women's dress shop.

It was Greg Dunbar's fault, mostly. His mother, the widow of a naval officer, had started Right Dress Inc. in Los Angeles. Her idea was to sell dresses by mail to the wives of Navy and Army officers stationed in out-of-the-way posts. One in a million, Mrs. Dunbar, and her scheme was absolutely sound. But the depression came along and also those fifteen per cent pay cuts. Mrs. Officer in Coco Solo, Panama, Guam, Manila and Shanghai decided to wear the same old dress.

THE radiogram announcing Mrs. Dunbar's sudden death reached Greg on a cruiser at Guantanamo. Harry was in Panama and Spud on the China tour and I was at submarine school in New London, Conn. Greg flew to California and wrote the rest of us about the situation. He explained that six thousand dollars would clear up his mother's debts and save the business. He offered us one-fourth interest each in Right Dress Inc., saying that the business was on the upgrade and should be worth at least thirty thousand dollars.

Well, what could a chap do? I realize now that we should have offered temporary help and forced Greg to close out the business. But I didn't see that then. Greg and Harry and Spud and I had been best friends at the Academy. Harry Nevins did radio, Greg suggesting that he liquidate Right Dress Inc., but Greg insisted that we carry on as the only means of getting our money back. So we bought Right Dress Inc.

Trouble started almost at once. Greg wrote us that he had engaged one Emily P. Simmons, sight unseen, to manage the dress shop. He explained that Miss Simmons had been his mother's ablest assistant and was just then in Paris on her vacation.

I couldn't see Miss Simmons as manager. I felt the manager should be a man. Harry agreed with me by radio-



gram, and I wired Greg at Pensacola. I also cabled Spud, who was at Chefoo with the Asiatic Squadron, urging him to stand with Harry and me in the matter. Spud didn't reply until about six weeks later and in the meantime Greg said he had signed a contract with Miss Simmons.

It just happens that I have a very good eye for women's clothes. I looked over the Right Dress Inc. catalogue and it seemed to me that much of the styling was very poor. So I wrote Miss Simmons a friendly letter, mentioning several dresses I had seen on women at our Navy shindigs around New London and in New York.

Miss Simmons replied as follows:

"Dear Mr. Greer:

"As I designed most of the dresses shown in our current catalogue, I was much interested in your suggestions. It seems to me that the cocktail party gowns you describe would be a little extreme for our customers.

"Very truly,

"EMILY P. SIMMONS"

This letter didn't set so well with me, especially as I had consulted several of my young women friends and they had all agreed that Right Dress Inc. styling was not so hot. In fact, Hilary Morcum remarked: "They might do for a captain's wife, and I'm sure I've seen several of your dresses on captains' wives. But for the younger element, my dear, they are just too stodgy." She added, however, that the service discount we were offering and our prices were attractive.

I SAW Harry Nevins in New York that September leave, and he agreed with me that Greg had blundered in appointing Miss Simmons manager.

"She's no business woman," Harry said. "I asked for a statement on costs and she wrote back, 'That all depends.' How's that for crust? I wrote her again demanding a complete double entry summary of the current month's operations. You should have seen her idea of a summary. She had the bills payable items in the wrong column."

Harry, being in the Quartermaster Corps, was thoroughly sound on proper business procedure. He also agreed with me that something would have to be done about styling.

"I think we ought to fire her," I said.

"We can't," Harry said. "Greg signed the contract and it's a partnership. We'd all have to agree to buy up her contract. Even then, we'd probably have to go to court."

We were behind the eight ball. Harry had to return to Panama and I was tied up with my course at New London. Besides, I hadn't got any reply from Spud out in China.

The check for my share of the first six months' earnings came to \$27.97. So I sat down and wrote Emily P. a kidding letter saying that there must be some mistake; that I only wanted a fourth of the earnings. Miss Simmons replied as follows:

"Dear Mr. Greer:

"The check is correct as drawn. Mr. Nevins has demanded an audit which will cost \$90. I am charging this against his next earnings. If you wish a copy of this audit and will pay half of the cost, I will send you one. In times like these, when so many businesses are showing a loss, I think we are fortunate in staying out of the red. As you know, Mr. Gregory authorized me to put two thousand dollars of our earnings back



into the business. That accounts for the small amount of your check.

"Very truly,  
"EMILY P. SIMMONS"

Well, there is a limit to a man's chivalry. It was obvious that our earnings were so small because Miss Simmons had refused to take my advice on styling. And I had a bone to pick with Greg over his act in authorizing the woman to put two thousand dollars back into the business. I wrote Greg a pretty sharp letter, outlining Miss Simmons' non-coöperative attitude and demanding that she be fired or demoted and a man put in her place. I also mentioned what Harry had said.

No answer for five weeks. Then I got a long telegram as follows:

WE CANT FIRE SIMMONS WITHOUT  
SPUDS AGREEING STOP YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY  
RIGHT STOP SHE IS CRABBED CRUSTY  
OLD MAID AND UNFIT TO MANAGE  
BUSINESS STOP HARRY SAYS SHE  
WROTE HIM INSULTING LETTER SAYING  
QUOTE YOU RUN THE NAVY AND LET ME  
RUN DRESS SHOP END QUOTE HAVE  
CABLED SPUD FOR OKAY TO FIRE HER BUT  
NO ANSWER STOP I AGREED TO RETURN  
TWO GRAND TO BUSINESS AS YOU DID NOT  
ANSWER MY WIRE AND I TOOK SILENCE  
AS CONSENT STOP KEEP AFTER SPUD AS  
I AM LOW IN FINANCES AND CABLES  
COST DOUGH STOP WE MUST FIRE  
SIMMONS STOP  
GREG

I wasn't any too flush myself, but I sent a cable to Spud describing the crisis and asking his okay. About a week later, I got a cable from Shanghai. It read:

REMEMBER SIMMONS IS A WOMAN OR IS  
SHE STOP IF WOMAN DONT FIRE BUT IF  
NOT WOMAN FIRE AND HOW ARE YOUR  
WOMEN LOVE  
SPUD

I knew that Spud must have been pie-eyed when he wrote the message. I didn't have the money to keep arguing with the nitwit. I wrote Greg and Harry suggesting that we fire Miss Simmons by a three-to-one vote, but they didn't answer.

IN THE meantime, Mary Sue Phelps, a very brilliant gal, gave me a fruity idea for expanding the business. She said we ought to have our customers send in their pictures and have dresses designed for each customer according to her picture. Then, we could give a prize of two or three dresses to the best-looking customer each month. It was such a nifty idea that I wired the Simmons a night letter.

She wired back as follows:

SORRY BUT FEEL A WOMAN IS HER OWN  
BEST JUDGE OF BECOMING CLOTHES STOP  
BEAUTY CONTEST WOULD DISCRIMINATE  
AGAINST OLDER WOMEN WHO ARE OUR  
BEST CUSTOMERS STOP WHY DONT YOU  
REDESIGN OUR SUBMARINES TO GET MORE  
ESTHETIC APPEAL STOP FEEL THERE IS BIG  
FIELD ON WATER STOP

EMILY P. SIMMONS

That was the last straw. Even the fact that my next dividend check was for \$568.19 could not outweigh this stubborn conservatism and impertinence. I wrote Greg, inclosing Miss Simmons' telegram and demanding that we take summary action. Greg replied from San Diego, explaining that he had just been transferred to flying duty there. He wrote:

"Dear Milt:

"I have been to Los Angeles and had a long talk with Miss Simmons. She is much younger than I supposed and rather pretty, if you like ash blondes with firm chins. She has a terrible



"I won't do it," she said, and turned on the tears. "Even if you keep the shop, I'm going to quit as soon as my contract is up"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

temper, however, and I am still convinced that she is not the right one to manage the dress shop. Business demands a man in authority.

"As an example of her reasoning, I had recommended our dresses to a number of girls. They ordered good-sized orders and just because two or three of them did not pay on the nail, Miss Simmons wrote them snooty letters and charged their bills to my account. I drew against my profits once or twice and she was snooty about that. All in all, she is impossible.

"I consulted Jack Sarriner, who was in '25 and is a sea lawyer. He says that in our set-up the act of one partner is binding on all; and that we could not break her contract without a unanimous vote to do so and without a suit.

"Harry Nevins keeps hounding me to get her out. The big bum sits in his office down in Panama and has nothing to do but write letters. I can't get a line from Spud. Every time I cable him, he seems to be tight or is in a kidding mood. He doesn't care a hang about the business and turns on that chivalrous line anent Miss S.

"In fairness to her, I must admit that she is showing a profit and has big plans for the future. I don't see what we can do until her contract runs out next March. If you think of anything in the meantime, how about coming out here and handling it yourself? You and Harry seem to think that all I have to do is to monkey with that dress business.

"As ever,  
"GREG"

I realized, of course, that our Miss Simmons had gone to work on Greg and had softened him up. I had her typed pretty well, by this time. She was using the feminine angle and turning on the heat. That made the situation even more intolerable. As a stockholder, you can deal with a man manager. It is strictly a business proposition. But when a woman gets in control, she tries to put herself on a romantic basis.

A FEW days after Greg's letter, I received our new catalog. It showed more dresses, and prices had been reduced. But the styling was still terrible. I noticed that Miss Simmons was trying to go after more business by asking the service people on her mailing list to send in the names of friends. She printed a lot of letters from Army and Navy women, some of them quite ratey, praising Right Dress Inc. But the styling was still terrible.

Something had to be done. I knew it would be only a question of time until our stubborn Miss Simmons ran the business into the red. I questioned a number of girls and married women around New London and they all agreed that our company had big possibilities if the styling could be improved. Mrs. Costigan, the wife of a Lieut. Commander, said she thought we ought to copy Paris models.

She was wearing a Molyneux reproduction she had bought on Fifth Avenue. It had a sort of high collar called a window-box collar, the thingumajigs coming up in parabolic curves to the elliptical neckline. The side lines were almost parallel, the silhouette being of the new baton type, and the skirt had trapezoidal figures. The material was quite iridescent and the color was sort of like bromine precipitate. I made a careful sketch of this dress and mailed it to Miss Simmons. And did I get a decent, polite acknowledgment  
(Continued on page 45)





Some of the young ladies were having a nice run of luck at the craps table

## Sinners in Dixie

By Owen P. White

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

*Some think Memphis the most sinful city in Dixie. But don't let a citizen of Little Rock hear you say so. You'll hurt his local pride. Memphis may be big, but Little Rock is pretty darn' sinful, too. So is Hot Springs. So are the towns of Mississippi. Come with Mr. White while he looks thoroughly into this new pride of the Southland*



Mamma, under the new freedom, can polish the rail as freely as Papa can

A ten-dollar bill with a bottle of whisky is Little Rock's only gesture to its constituted authority

**S**IN has its monuments everywhere—gutter drunkards, fallen women and repentant bankers are frequently pointed to as horrible examples; but they are not the kind of monument I discovered in the South. The one I'm referring to is real; it's right there in dear old sinful Dixie; it's a tall granite shaft, dedicated "To Eve," and at its base, done in bold relief, is a huge apple with a large chunk gnawed out of it.

The significance of this monument, which was erected by a Southern humorist with a sardonic grin, is that it beautifully typifies the tendency, common to all of us, to hide our virtues under a bushel but to brag about our vices. Down in Dixie today even whole communities, probably on the theory

that it pays to advertise, are doing the latter. For instance, when I casually remarked to a prominent citizen of Little Rock, Arkansas, that Memphis, Tennessee, was reported to be a pretty gay city, he replied, almost with a snort:

"You bet Memphis is gay. It's worse than that. It's tough and it's proud of it; but listen. Don't ever let those town boosters over there make you believe that they've got any corner on sin in this section. They haven't. They've got quantity, maybe, because they're bigger than the rest of us, but when it comes to quality—well, I reckon I'll just back little old Little Rock against any of 'em."

"That challenge," I said, "covers a lot of ground."

"I know it does," retorted the promi-

nent citizen emphatically, "but I stand on it just the same. Little Rock is a wicked town. But it's delightfully wicked; socially bad, I mean, and . . . and . . ." He hesitated a moment as if doubtful about something and then concluded: "But maybe you'd like to look it over yourself and find out."

### An Excursion in Iniquity

That was an invitation that I couldn't resist, and so the prominent citizen and I arranged an excursion. For obvious reasons the prominent citizen himself did not accompany me. He wanted to, and said so frankly, but you know how it is. Being a gentleman of mature years, and prominent, he couldn't allow himself, even in the interests of a scien-

tific investigation, to be seen wandering around in the local haunts of iniquity. And so, regretfully, he turned me over to one of his young employees.

This lad was an up-and-coming representative of flaming youth in the South. He knew his Little Rock well enough to call all its professional sinners by their first names; and as his civic-minded employer, unwilling to let Memphis put anything over on the home town, had provided the boy with plenty of expense money, it goes without saying that I had an interesting evening.

To begin with, we drove to North Little Rock, where, after parking our car at the front door of the Federal Building, we stepped directly across the street into an open saloon. Quite a few people, among them several comely girls, were standing at the bar exercising the privilege of the New Freedom. They were doing so liberally, and as I watched the proceedings it occurred to me that operating a saloon whose open front door stares right out at the equally open one of the Federal Building across the way might seem to some people to be a very ticklish business.

The man who runs this place is not ticklish. I inquired about it and apparently he is not at all concerned with the enforcement of either Uncle Sam's liquor laws or Arkansas'. Neither are any of the rest of the saloon-keepers in



the state, and why should they be? The sovereign will of the people is their sole guide. The people patronize their establishments; the people want them to remain open; the people will serve as jurors to acquit them in case they are served with summonses, and so about all the obeisance that any of them ever make to constituted authority is when, once a week, they wrap a ten-dollar bill around a bottle of whisky which they present to the pay-off man when he calls to collect.

Thus no liquor dealer is worried by the annoyances that would beset him if rum were regulated instead of being prohibited in Arkansas. It's a nice system and apparently the man who was running the place across from the Federal Building was enjoying it. So likewise were the proprietors of the next few saloons we visited. None of them was quite as prominently located as the first one, but as they were all just as wide open and as well patronized it was at once clear that drinking in North Little Rock is not all confined to the doorstep of the Post Office. Neither, as used to be the case in the old, old days when the pastime was legal, is the patronage of the barroom confined solely to the Old Man.

Of course it isn't. The New Freedom demands equality of opportunity.

(Continued on page 43)



# Woman of the Family

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

## The Story Thus Far:

EVE LANGHAM, secretary to Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, becomes the hostess of "The Regalia," a night club. Under the watchful eyes of Lennie Ward, who had introduced her at the club and who professes to love her; Fero, the manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; and Tonetti, the orchestra leader, she meets various wealthy patrons: notably, Mrs. Louise Poinsetter and Captain Jonathan Horne, an explorer.

Fascinated by Horne, she is not aware that the man is in touch with Scotland Yard. And she does not hesitate to tell him the truth concerning herself. For years, she informs him, her mother, her father, and her sister, Sophia, have used her to their own ends—have exploited her outrageously. To protect herself, she has not told them of "The Regalia": they believe that her evenings are spent teaching French.

Horne mystifies her—especially his obvious interest in the news that "The Three Black Devils," a noted dancing trio, are soon to appear at the club. And Fero, too, mystifies her: he insists that she watch Horne carefully, report his every action. . . .

Rebelling, at last, against her family's intolerable tyranny, Eve announces that she intends to rent a room in London, and live there (the Langhams live in Dulwich, a suburb). Then comes an unexpected shock. It is administered by Sir Edgar Marter, a middle-aged man whom Eve has always admired and respected. On her birthday anniversary, he presents her with a diamond spray and brooch—then proceeds to make violent love to her. Whereupon, Eve instantly resigns her position. . . .

A few evenings later, Lennie calls on the Langhams. For a long time, Sophia has had a calculating eye upon the dashing young dancing man. Now, greeting him alone, she leads him on, like the little siren she is. And, a weakling, he yields to her charms, kisses her, listens eagerly as she tells him that she loves him.

## V

UNCONSCIOUS of Jonathan Horne's watching on that Sunday, just as Sophia had guessed that she would, Eve found her own home.

Dream of every young woman since the world began!

The stringent years had given her a valuable habit of financial caution, and she was not looking for anything very modish or very spacious. She would not be exigent! Nor expect to find her environment in any symphonic décor; nor period setting; nor some hanging garden of Babylon.

So, easily, she found two rooms at the top of a reduced house in Bloomsbury Gardens, with a tiny kitchenette like a large cupboard on the landing outside them.

"But, oh—a front door!" she thought. She was possessed by the idea of a front door of her own, and the unenthused leaseholder of that tall, thin house agreed that she might place such a barrier across the stairs at the top.

The visionary door became—on Monday morning—a narrow 17th-century Italian gate of wrought iron, very delicately and lightly scrolled, that was rather damaged here and there; was one of a pair, the other of which had been lost, sold, stolen. . . . It was, anyway, said the dealer sadly, *non est*. He sold her this gate for a song. That was the beginning of a deliriously successful homemaker's day.

She said to herself on Sunday, with a relief that as yet seemed to her very daring: Well, tomorrow there is no Sir Edgar; there is no work. I have all the beautiful day to find a front door,

and to furnish my home. "My home" flamed up in her mind in great, high letters.

Thus she went back to Dulwich, saying to herself: "The last time"—even if knowing dimly that it wasn't; that there was never a last time to that sort of thing—and still unconscious that someone watched her from the shadows of the trees in Bloomsbury Gardens.

BUT then, "someone" was not Horne himself. But even had it been he, it is probable that she would not have noticed him. Her thoughts were too gay and high and glorious.

So, back "for the last time" to her parents' home.

The remains of a hot supper lingered on the table, and her mother sat in an armchair by the open window, with the expression of one gasping for fresh air, but determined at all costs not to go out and enjoy it. Her father had drawn up a chair opposite her, and had buried himself in their Sunday newspaper. The place seemed to lie under a particular hush not entirely attributable to the Sabbath.

Eve paused just inside the room, for her mother made no gesture of noticing her entry. In fact, she con-

For a moment, while she must dance on without a break of rhythm, Eve saw those two see her and halt, staring. She knew the reasons for their confusion

trived a definite effect of having decided to notice nothing and no one.

"It is ridiculous," Eve thought, "all this! Can't families ever be friends?" She took a few steps forward, and said:

"Mother, I have found my rooms—" Her father emerged from the paper and stared at her; he had not forgotten what was in the wind. "They're very nice rooms; very quiet. I am furnishing them tomorrow." The old nervousness seized her foolishly as she uttered those words, for she was sure that her mother would cry: "And where is that money coming from?" and equally sure that such a question would unduly embarrass herself.

For she had a right—if all ways in question—to spend the money she had made. . . .

She was wrong as to her mother's reaction; without turning her head, Mrs. Langham replied: "Well, I am quite aware that you will have no difficulty in buying anything you want. Others are not so fortunate."

"I shall be leaving tomorrow morning, Mother."

"Indeed."

Her father watched and listened; speechless. The part he played was usually a silent one, but it always carried some sort of mysterious weight nevertheless—part of the weight that had ever lain across her young shoulders.

"I must pack my things," she





said, turning to the door.

Still looking out of the window, Mrs. Langham asked: "If you have left Sir Edgar Marter—for some headstrong reason of your own, I suppose—how on earth are you going to help me keep things together here, especially with this unnecessary extra rent of your own to pay?"

"Don't worry about that, Mother. I will find the money. But who told you I had left Sir Edgar?"

"Sophia. She was quite right to tell me."

"How did Sophia know?"

"Lennie Ward told her," said Mrs. Langham. "He has an affection for us, dear boy; and he is kind enough to be anxious about what happens here."

SOMEHOW Eve checked the rush of derision that rose to her lips.

"Is Lennie here now, Mother?"

"No," Mrs. Langham answered, all her words emerging grudgingly. "He and Sophia have gone out."

Then, for the first time during the little scene, Langham spoke. He addressed his wife: "Sophia took her week-end case, Mother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Langham. "She is staying tonight with an aunt of Lennie's where Lennie is week-ending. He says it will do her good to have tomorrow morning in a nice garden such as she hasn't got here."

"Oh," Langham muttered uncertainly.

"Lennie hasn't got an aunt!" Eve cried out.

Mrs. Langham rose from her chair: "How dare you suggest that your sister is deceiving me! You're always against her. Where do you think Sophia has gone, then? Let me tell you I know my baby!"

"I know Lennie," said Eve, in a hard voice, breaking in.

"You do not know Lennie Ward, Eve, and you never have known him. Sensitive"—Eve snapped her fingers—"Sensitive," Mrs. Langham repeated, "and charming, and always so courteous and affectionate to me like the son he hoped he would become, poor boy."

"There's still Sophia for him," Eve cried out mockingly. But then her protective love for the little Sophia came uppermost and she said, low and urgent: "Don't let her go about with Lennie, Mother. Please don't!"

SHE was out next morning before the flat awoke to its reluctant activity, leaving without her breakfast, writing a little note of farewell.

The morning had risen sweet and fresh, and hot, and she had the joy of breakfasting in the open air at a coffee stall. She had never done that before—it was not part of respectability. She loved the thick china and the splendid carelessness.

The quality of the day was no less than ecstasy. After the major purchase of the Italian gate, she was rapt in buying her curtains, in searching secondhand shops for the minimum of furniture and pots and pans. She bought herself a sheaf of flowers. . . . But she found time before midday, during what seemed to be the most promising hours of her life, to telephone the Royal Hall of Histrionics for news.

Sophia was not there. She was an absentee this morning. In the late afternoon, before she went home with

the sheaf of flowers in her arms, Eve telephoned again. By then, Sophia had arrived, and someone called her to the telephone. Her voice wavered over it, laughing, teasing, protesting. . . . She was telling lies!

"Tonight," Eve said to herself, "I will speak to Lennie about it." But again the elder-sister mood of responsibility fell away from her for a happy while, up in the two rooms looking into the treetops, as she arranged her things, and made herself tea, and put on the white frock with the shower of diamonds blazing against its breast. She had bought herself also, today, her first evening wrap—an exiguous trifle of black velvet—and she had the inimitable joy of the conscientious and the penurious casting aside inhibition, and taking a first heady plunge into lovely extravagance.

LENNIE was not at the Regalia Club when she arrived.

Back for a moment came that elder-sister fear and responsibility, as, instinctively, she suggested to herself: "Tonight he will avoid me."

Why did her mind fly to such dangers and torments on Sophia's behalf?

"At her age," she thought, as she walked into the restaurant, without leaving the black velvet wrap in the cloakroom—she could not part with it so soon!—"when I was her age, I was in the City earning my own living. No one troubled about my safety and my temptations."



"I shall be leaving tomorrow, Mother," Eve said

But that was not true. There had always been her mother's tormented troubling. And even if it were true, was not Sophia different?

Her own job here at the Regalia Club must absorb her tonight. She must not concern herself with personal problems. As soon as she appeared, Fero approached and walked with her busily to that least desirable of the tables which was allotted to her. She was very punctual, but he had been impatiently waiting for her arrival, none the less.

The brilliant, alluring spread of the big room was as yet empty of diners, but the place held its air of prosperous expectancy. The waiters stood immaculately ready for service. The orchestra tuned up with wistful string-twangings, isolated notes dropping on the air like the beginnings of a nightingale's song.

It seemed to her that the flowers were more lavish than before. The place gathered lavishness to its aspect, nightly.

Fero was busy talking.

"Now, Miss Langham, we're going to be very full. All the tables are booked tonight, and Mrs. Poinsetter wants a word with you. Some of her friends, I think, would like to make your acquaintance. . . . And you must let me know early," said Fero, "if you think Captain Horne will want a table for our big gala night. We are booking up and we shouldn't like to disappoint him!"

An inquisitorial look at her, hard and sharp, though smiling.

"I think he is coming," she hastened to say, "but I will ask him definitely about it to-night."

"He comes again tonight, Miss Langham?" Fero laughed merrily at her then, and walked away on his managerial round.

She realized to herself that there was no reason at all why she should expect Jonathan Horne. Why did she expect him? Was it just that he had entered her life and that somehow in some troublous way he seemed to belong there? She picked up the menu and gave her order to the waiter, who had hurried to her attentively.

FERO returned briefly; as it were, on the tips of his toes.

"I will send you some champagne, Miss Langham. Yes?" He veered away again and a half bottle of champagne arrived in its pail of ice.

By the time she had taken her first sip, he was once more back beside her.

"You look very well tonight, Miss Langham." He appraised the black velvet wrap now lying over her chair back, and then that fragile shower of diamonds upon her breast. "You have the touch of success."

She remembered now what she had been forgetting all day: that having left Marter's so hurriedly, she must make up that salary. She had been thinking of ways and means to exploit the managerial appreciation of her at the Regalia, but while exhilarated by her day, by the pleasant hazards of the new life as compared with the safe routine of a city job, and while her courage consequently rose high she was hesitating how to begin.

Fero had definitely something to say, which gave her an opportunity.

"Miss Langham, this playing at Cinderella—it makes it rather difficult for us. We want to ask you to devote yourself more to the business here."

She did not tell him about the accomplished fact of her own rooms in London; but said:

"It would mean staying in town, Mr. Fero?"

"Of course," he said, "of course."

She had to curb her readiness for easy acceptance of anything he might ask or offer, and remember her parents and Sophia, and the drains upon her purse.

"I couldn't possibly afford it," she said gravely. "I have responsibilities."

"I regret to hear it, Miss Langham. Responsibilities—I much regret them. A lady should be gay."

He must not guess how truly gay this lady was tonight!

"My responsibilities won't interfere with my work here, Mr. Fero."

"You assure me that? Then, Miss Langham, I am willing until the end of the season to pay you ten pounds a week to keep yourself at our disposal. A fine offer, eh? You would not better it, eh?"

Elation filled her.

She kept steady, sipping at the champagne while he stood by, and then, looking up at him with a faint smile, she agreed: "Yes, that would do till the end of the season."

(Continued on page 40)



*The story of May Robson, who was on the stage for fifty-one years and expects to devote the next fifty-one to the movies*

**By Frank Condon**

Back in 1907, your father and mother saw May Robson (at the left) in her most famous play, *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*



CULVER



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

May Robson, at 70 one of Hollywood's most promising prospects

## A Lady Who Tells Her Age

*Lady for a Day* firmly clinched fame for Miss Robson, so now you'll see her in *Lady by Choice*, for which Columbia borrowed her from M-G-M



COLUMBIA PICTURES



CULVER

In 1901, *The Messenger Boy* made its bow. Star: May Robson

LET us cast an eye for an instant upon two widely separated scenes, one following the other. First, we behold New York City on a nippy winter's night—New York the glamorous, the brilliant, the inspiring. A fine snow is falling, drifting, you might say skirling. Pedestrians step along briskly, sliding now and then on the slick sidewalks. Expensive horses prance down Broadway with snow in their ears, their silver-trimmed harness gleaming, their steel hoofs striking fire.

Carriage after carriage draws up in front of the brightly lighted theater entrance, where the fashionables are sauntering leisurely in. Handsome gentlemen step from cabs and victorias, the ladies emerge in velvets and ermines. From the open four-wheelers, the uniformed doorman lifts the robes respectfully, brushes the snow away, assists the beauteous dames, and presently there is such a vast crush of hacks and

cabs and private equipages that the line comes to a halt. Then a lone young woman slides out of a hansom cab, wearing a sly smile. She accosts the uniformed flunky of the theater.

"What is going on around here to-night?" she asks. "Why this great jam of carriages?"

The man stares at her with the faint superciliousness of his tribe and replies: "Madam, this is the opening night of the new May Robson play."

"Oh, thank you," she says, and walking away briskly, she turns into the

stage door, for the inquiring damsel is May Robson herself, in one of her playful moods.

Now, then, turn to Scene Two. A gasoline or filling station in the smug and cultivated purlieus of Hollywood, the hour being hard by the stroke of midnight. It is one of those sprawly, large, California filling stations, made apparently of gingerbread and red jam, with towers, minarets, a moat; an airy imitation of some sort of daffy mosque. The place is thronged with shining automobiles, dozens of them. The attendants are filling gas tanks as rapidly as human hands can handle hose. The line of cars scarcely moves, and soon a magnificent limousine swaggers up and out pops a lady. Inside remains another lady at the wheel, the official driver. The out-popping lady looks about her in dismay. She approaches a uniformed lad and asks: "What is going on here anyhow? Why all these automobiles hanging around a gas station in the middle of the night?" That is what she asks the man.

"Madam," he replies in the meticulously courteous voice of the true California oil boy, "there is a big football game tomorrow at Stanford, which is playing U. S. C. These people are going to the game."

"Oh," says the lady, and she immediately trots back to her car and addresses Lillian at the wheel. "Lillian," she says sharply, "all these idiots are going up to a football game at Stanford. Let's go, too."

And that likewise is the same May Robson, speaking to Lillian, asking to go to Palo Alto at midnight—twelve fat hours in anybody's car. . . . They left at once, drove all night, saw the game and returned in high spirits. And only forty years elapsed between the two scenes, not another minute—just forty years.

It is the opinion of the West Coast

that May Robson is the most astonishing and incredible lady of them all. She's seventy and she doesn't look seventy. She has bright, roving blue eyes and rosy cheeks, is a neat, compact and hustling personality. She talks a blue streak about anything, and a far better blue streak than you would hear from a smart lady of forty-five or fifty or thirty, or whatever you say. They all call her Muzzy and everybody adores her, and they behave very circumspectly too, these wild movie people, males and females alike, for if they don't behave, Muzzy is likely to give them a piece of her mind, which has no vagueness about it whatever.

### No Time for Vacations

She has been on the stage for fifty-one years—happy, interesting years—and now she has crashed into the movies, is a star, and confidently looks forward to another fifty-one years, with no time out for vacations or lay-offs. During the stage fifty-one, she worked virtually all the time; and now that she is going strong in the flickers, she likewise labors all the while, hops out of bed at six in the morning like any earnest milkmaid, lands in the studio at eight, puts on her make-up and is ready to plug until the last dog is hung. She makes all the young, husky movie gals look pretty feeble, and maybe that is because she doesn't neck, drink, swear, smoke, go to parties, stay out late or diet. She can eat anything and does. If Lillian has it on the table, May eats it, and no idle talk.

Miss Robson lives in a handsome, small home, along with Lillian Harmer, her guide, companion and friend, and the small house is located on the south or wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. North of the tracks are all the great, swanky, thirty-room castles,

(Continued on page 39)



# The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

## The Story Thus Far:

HIS father murdered by cattle rustlers, little Bill Roper, a homeless orphan, is adopted by kindly "Dusty" King, a cattleman. Fifteen years later, a self-reliant cowboy, he finds himself involved in a titanic struggle between the King-Gordon outfit for which he works (owned by Dusty and cautious old Lew Gordon) and Ben Thorpe, a ruthless, unscrupulous fighter who, with the equally ruthless Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner, controls a vast acreage in Texas and seeks expansion.

In love with Jody Gordon, old Lew's daughter, Roper's plans for marrying her are rudely interrupted. Dusty King is murdered—shot down in Ogallala, Nebraska, not far from Jody's home. There is only one witness, one observer: "Dry Camp" Pierce, an outlaw for whom the Thorpe forces have been gunning for years. To Bill Roper, he confides the story. Three men, it seems, had set upon Dusty and brutally shot him down: Ben Thorpe, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner. Unfortunately, Dry Camp dare not appear in public to testify.

So Bill can merely bide his time, and lay his plans. Having inherited Dusty's half of the King-Gordon concern, he informs Lew Gordon that he intends to press Thorpe hard, ruin him if possible—legally or illegally. Gordon, alarmed, protests vigorously; whereupon Roper dissolves the partnership.

A quarrel with Jody ensues. They part, no longer engaged. And Bill rides south, toward Texas. He plans to hire a number of outlaws: Lee Harnish, Tex Daniels, Tex Long, Nate Liggett, Dave Shannon. He intends to use them in his war against Thorpe. . . . Riding slowly, a few miles out of Ogallala, he observes someone galloping toward him. The rider reaches him, halts. Jody Gordon! "I'd go with you if you wanted me to," she says. "If you don't know that, you don't know anything, Bill Roper!"

## III

BILL ROPER looked at her incredulously.

"Jody—you mean that?"

Jody Gordon swayed her shoulders as she sat there in the saddle; he had seen her father weave like that, many times, when he was up against something hard. Only, it seemed a very different thing as Jody did it.

"In King-Gordon you were on the way to big things. But I don't care anything about that. Let the break-up with my father go through. Quit King-Gordon without two bits to your name. Take the last outpost camp there is under the brand, and let him have the rest. I'll go with you and stay with you; and I'll help you in every way I can to build something of our own."

Ahead on the prairie, the black mule cropped at the sparse cover; working its way forward, slowly, it moved a full three lengths while still Bill Roper did not speak. He wanted to say something, anything; but he found he could not speak at all.

Jody said, almost hysterically, "Aren't you ever going to say anything?"

Bill Roper mumbled to his saddlehorn: "Didn't know you felt that way. . . . Wouldn't ever be any call—any reason—for you to let go all holds like that."

"Not any reason—?"

"King-Gordon—why, this outfit has a

hold on the prairie all the way from—"

"I hate the prairie!" She was flaming up again, but not in the same way as the night before. Her voice was that of someone coming to the end of a string. "I hate these God-forsaken, barren wastes! I hate the fool cattle, and the trail-gaunted horses, and the bare, lonely ranches where nothing good ever comes!"

"Jody, some day we'll make this such a country as—"

"Oh, I know! I can see it just as you see it—just as you must see it. All the happy country, peaceful and quiet, some day, and no more long trails and no more wars—"

He started to say, "But first there's a couple of things—"

SHE was leaning toward him now, her voice gentle, coaxing, very tender. "Our own little old outfit—any outfit, any place—don't you see what a happy place we could make that be? A place where we could plant trees near the water and watch them grow into big trees; and we'd be there together—"

To the south the young sun crested the sand hills with long curving lines of gold, without seeming to bring any light. Through those sand hills threaded the long trail over which men pushed unhoping cattle, a long way and a hard way, full fifteen hundred miles. It was

ill-defined, many miles wide, like the tracks of ships at sea—this dry, infinitely testing trail that Dusty King had been among the first to drive.

For men who had never been on that trail, it represented romance; for men who had been on it only once it represented a memory of hell. Bill Roper knew it as it really was—hadn't he been raised on it? He knew the long monotony, the endless blocking of misfortune with wits and inadequate means, which was the true trail. Before him that trail now stretched again. He would move faster than the cattle moved, but weeks would pass before he heard a human voice, months would roll out before he came to that long trail's end.

And after that—another trail, perhaps different, but perhaps so long that the long trail itself would be dwarfed to a stroll by comparison. . . .

Roper shot a quick glance at Jody, and immediately sent his eyes away again, as far as they could reach. Here was something he could not look at. It was as if everything men worked for, through drought, storm, night stampede, and fighting raid—everything for which men ever endured was here in one small form, not a horse length beyond the touch of his hands. If he had looked at her again, perhaps he would have kicked his pony stirrup to stirrup with hers and picked her out of the saddle, and

kissed her mouth, and kept her close to him—then and forever. But he sat motionless on his waiting pony.

"Look," he said at last—"look! If you mean that, come with me. Come with me, now."

He could hardly hear her as she said, "Don't you think you ought to tell me where you're going?"

"Dry Camp Pierce is on his way, by a quicker way than mine is. If he don't fall down there'll be the start of a wild bunch waiting for me when I land in the Big Bend country. I figure to take that bunch, and build to it, and add on. After that—well, you know what comes after that."

"And now you're asking me to swing with that?"

"Jody, I've already told you what I've got to do."

THE silence stretched out until you could have hung a saddle on it, and this time Bill's eyes were on Jody, and hers were on the saddlehorn.

Slowly she shook her head.

After a minute he said, "I guess that settles it, doesn't it?"

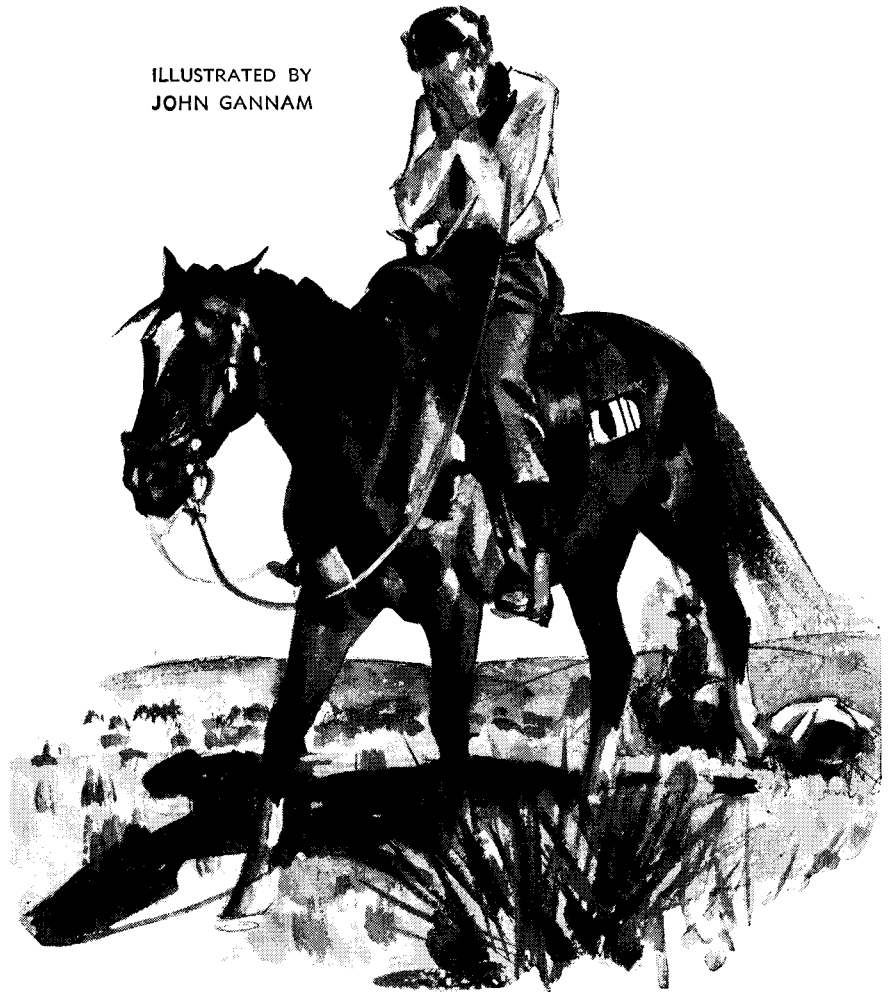
"I guess it does."

Her face seemed blind, and she was like a ghost of Jody Gordon. Suddenly Bill Roper knew that if he did not take the trail he had chosen now, he would never take it at all.



All over the Big Bend broke out a wave of raids of unparalleled boldness



ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN GANNAM

"You sure, Jody? You won't come?"  
Again she shook her head.

A long loose end of Bill's rope was in his hand, though he never remembered taking it down. Hardly knowing what he did, he struck the spurs into the buckskin pony. The snap of the rope's end knocked a flying gout of fur from the rump of the black pack mule, and they were on the trail—the long trail, the dry trail, the trail of a hopeless war.

**T**HE men who rode with Roper saw Texas change.

They could not have foreseen the quick, unprecedented expansion of the cattle business, which would presently crowd not only Texas but every foot of the Great Plains. Nor could they have foreseen the almost immediate incursion of barbed wire, which was about to take unto itself everything that was worth fencing.

Yet they themselves, in no little part, forced the greatest change of all. They were fighting a thing they perhaps did not recognize as a national factor; but each, individually, had his own bitter motive. These men whom Roper now gathered about him hated a particular man, not only as lawless as themselves, but a man who was more than one man. Ben Thorpe was a thousand men; operating under Cleve Tanner in the south, and Walk Lasham in the north, his in-

numerable retainers filamented the plains from the Rio Grande to the Big Horn. That Roper's men hated Ben Thorpe was no coincidence; Roper had picked men of personal grudge. Most of them had first been outlawed because they had not suited a single organization—the organization of Ben Thorpe.

Roper's wild bunch were assuredly lawless men; but they were part of a West in which law was thin and obscure. The Rangers, youngsters with no limit of courage, had a list of men to get, and some of Roper's men were on that list. But Texas was big and the Rangers were few and most commonly absorbed with raids from Mexico, or with recalcitrant Indians still able to strike from Mexican fastnesses. Roper, sitting in the saddle, could look east, north, west, and know that as far as land reached there was no cattle-barring fence. Here was the open range, as yet unbought by scrip or partitioned by barbed wire; an empire wrought by horse and gun. Southward lay the Rio Grande, the international barrier—a hazard to legal-minded men, a boon to men whose values did not at-tune with a distant, unenforceable law.

Into this vast open country, where every plant, animal and rarely seen man had its own particular sting, Roper now headed, to cut the roots of Ben Thorpe's breeding grounds. The men

who rode with him, as befitted men who lived by gun, rope and rawhide whang, worked with the conditions that they found.

Up and down and across half of Texas, constantly in the saddle, Bill Roper threaded his new organization. Sometimes Dry Camp Pierce was with him; more often he traveled alone. He was working with men of his own age now. The trail bosses and range foremen with whom he had been thrown heretofore had been older men, who had attained to responsibility by an experience that had its beginning with the founding of the Chisholm trail itself. But the wild bunch was something else.

**T**HESE famous gun fighters and outlawed men whom Roper gathered were just youngsters, mostly. Some of them were true killers; some merely reckless kids who had got off on the wrong foot. All of them were badly wanted by what little law there was. Only Dry Camp Pierce, of them all, was much older than Bill himself. Because of his long and peculiar experience, he proved of infinite value; and yet at the same time was the most difficult to handle of all Roper's men.

One night in early June, Dry Camp Pierce and Bill Roper sat in the back room of a saloon, deep in Texas. This was at Whipper Forks—a place that is

lost now; it consisted of only a store, a corral and a bar. One other man was with them—an unnamed kid who was there because Dry Camp brought him there.

"It's funny," Pierce said; "I can't hardly place it. Here's you, a kid; and I guess you stand in the place of Dusty King. But—well, you know—Dusty King was the best friend I had in the world; but didn't ever seem like—"

"Didn't seem like he held with venting brands?" Bill Roper said.

"Look," Dry Camp Pierce said. "I've stole cows until I could pave my way to hell with their hides. But—I don't know—to steal cows for Dusty's kid—"

Bill Roper's teeth flashed clean in his grin. "Whose cows?"

"I've stole cows—"

"You're going to steal cows that belong to me, now."

"Figure you own these cows?"

"I'm half of King-Gordon, now split. I've taken out of King-Gordon seven camps *without* cows; now I'm claiming the cows that Thorpe took from Dusty King. And from some other men that we're going to lead a hand to, soon."

"I suppose nobody's got any better right—"

"To hell with that. I heard you can raise hell with the brand on a cow. Either I heard wrong—"

(Continued on page 51)

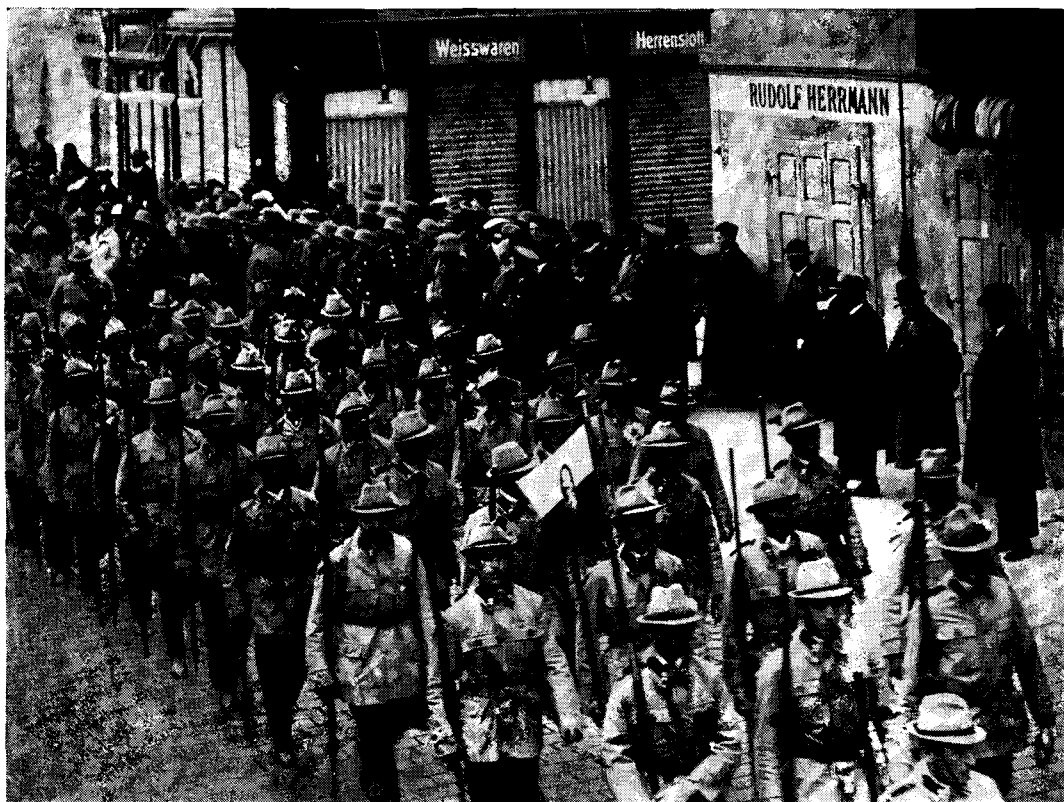


# A Prince with Big Ideas

By T. R. Ybarra

*His family have been heroes in Austria for, lo, these eight hundred years. Their heir, Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, has hocked a few of his numerous castles and, backed by his private army, is grooming himself for the job of dictator. Mr. Ybarra, an expert on budding dictators, gives him the once-over*

Right, Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, Austria's vice-chancellor, and (left) his private army, the Heimwehr, which may some day make him Austria's dictator



ONE trembles at the thought of how many young Americans of classic features and general Hollywoodishness of personal appearance must be planning at this very moment to march on Washington at the head of a Fascist army, chase Congress off Capitol Hill, and make themselves supreme masters of these United States. How could it be otherwise, with the youth of America reading recent reports from Austria, added to news of happenings in other European countries, all of which seem to prove that dictatorial ambitions and manly beauty have an uncanny affinity for each other?

Hitler, though he may not resemble an Apollo to us, has earned among his fellow Teutons the nickname of "Beautiful Adolf." Sir Oswald Mosley, who wants to be England's Mussolini-trimmed-with-Hitler, could get a job any day as a screen hero. Colonel de la Rocque, who would love to be France's Hitler-spiced-with-Mussolini, has features of aristocratic comeliness. And now—as if this trio weren't enough to unsettle the minds of ambitious American Adonises!—the latest candidate for membership in the European Dictators' Club is a young Austrian who would stand an excellent chance of winning first prize in any male beauty contest anywhere!

His name is Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg. His lineage runs back eight centuries or so. Ever since the most famous of his ancestors, Count Starhemberg, heroically defended Vienna against the Turks in the seventeenth century, the family has been of princely rank. So young Ernst Ruediger can tack onto his name the title of prince.

Prominent for years in one Austrian crisis after another, he has risen already to the post of vice-chancellor. And he is credited with an overmastering ambition to push all competitors out of his path and establish himself eventually as the supreme master of his native Austria.

Running true to form as a cherisher of dictatorial ambitions, Prince Starhemberg—like Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, Mosley in England and de la Rocque in France—has surrounded himself with a private army for the purpose of making his power felt. This army, the famous Heimwehr, or Home Guard, has its finger deep in every Austrian political pie. And the dashing young nobleman who formed and drilled and armed it, again true to the fashions set by foreign models, constantly denounces Communism and Socialism, Parliamentarism and Liberalism. In fact, the only kind of "ism" he seems to like is Fascism.

## Portrait of a Budding Dictator

"Austria must become Fascist sooner or later," he thunders in his speeches, "so why not sooner?" And, though he is inclined for the time being to keep a bit in the background and let other Austrians get most of the limelight, many observers, both inside and outside Austria, feel pretty sure that the chief whom young Starhemberg has in mind for the Fascist Austria of his dreams is none other than himself.

He is thirty-five years old. He is tall and well-built, with a figure still free from the heaviness which comes so often to men even in the thirties. He carries himself proudly, like the blueblood that he is. He has a fine head and dark,

heavy-lidded eyes. His usual manner has in it a touch of what his friends call shyness, and his foes sulkiness. When he gets excited, though, he squares his jaw, and fire flashes from those heavy-lidded eyes, and his expression becomes menacing and truculent.

His speeches have a violence worthy of Hitler; indeed, they often are so extravagant as to keep most people from taking them seriously. When he meets Americans or Englishmen, he addresses them in their own tongue, which he speaks more fluently than correctly. Every photograph of this Austrian Prince Charming shows him as an extremely handsome young fellow. But they don't do him justice. The Prince Starhemberg of flesh and blood is even better-looking than the camera makes him out to be.

Of late he has become prominent as one of the principal enemies of Adolf Hitler. Starhemberg has vowed to do his utmost to defend Austrian independence against whatever plots may be hatched against it by Hitler and his Nazi adherents, be they German or Austrian. Yet the young prince, paradoxically enough, is quite as hostile toward those arch-foes of the Nazis, the Socialists. In fact, there are some who believe that, to him, Austria's Public Enemy Number One is not Nazism but Socialism. He seeks to make clear his complicated political attitude by declaring that what he stands for is "Austro-fascism," which—should he ever succeed in making it supreme in Austria—would combine the tenets of Mussolini's brand of Fascism with the dislike felt by Italy's dictator for Fascism-made-in-Germany. Figure it out for yourself! Starhemberg's political creed is no more involved than much of the rest of the

stuff which makes Europe the mess that it is.

The prince was too young to play anything but a super's rôle in the World War. Shortly before the collapse of the Austrian armies, he qualified for an officer's commission, but the Armistice came before young Ernst Ruediger had his baptism of fire.

For some time thereafter he gave no sign of the exciting and ambitious years which lay before him. Like so many of his fellow members of the nobility of Austria, he proceeded to divide his time between helping manage the great family estates and trying to live something resembling the gay life of before the war in depressed and hungry Vienna. The former job was a big one—the Starhemberg family owned huge lands and thirty-odd castles. As for the second task—well, Ernst Ruediger was young, and wine, even in the melancholy atmosphere of post-war Vienna, still tasted good to his youthful palate. One who knew him in those first days after the end of the war declares that he thought of little beyond "speeding in high-powered automobiles and drinking champagne."

But the ambitions which are now making him dream of being the Austrian dictator soon spurred him to try something more exciting.

## A One-Time Hitlerite

Across the Austrian border, in Germany, there were all sorts of opportunities for adventurous youth. In Silesia Poles and Germans were at loggerheads; and to that turbulent region went young Starhemberg, to enlist as a volunteer on the side of the Germans and skirmish against their Polish foes. Not long afterward he was in Munich, having been lured thither by the speeches and violent antics of an obscure agitator named Adolf Hitler. In the beer cellars of the Bavarian capital Starhemberg listened to Hitler's impassioned promises and cast in his lot with the small band at that time enrolled under the Hitlerite banner. And when Hitler, with Ludendorff, Goering and a handful of other fanatics, marched forth into the streets of Munich in November, 1923, bent on seizing supreme control of Germany, the young Austrian prince, revolver clutched in his hand, was close behind him.

The soldiers of the German Republic made short work of that first bid by Hitler for power. Sixteen of his adherents were stretched dead by a volley of rifle-fire. Goering—now second only to Hitler in the Nazi government—was severely wounded. Ludendorff was promptly made a prisoner. The chief rebel himself, after lying hidden a few days, was captured at the home of one of his principal lieutenants, a few miles from the scene of his crushing defeat. And Prince Starhemberg?—well, he managed to escape both death and imprisonment, and to creep back across the

(Continued on page 48)



# *Auto Editors and Public Agree..* **AMERICA NEEDED THIS HIGH-SPEED SAFETY CAR**

## **Auto Show Crowds Acclaim the New 1935 Plymouth**

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New advanced high-efficiency Engine... more power on 12% to 20% less gas and oil.

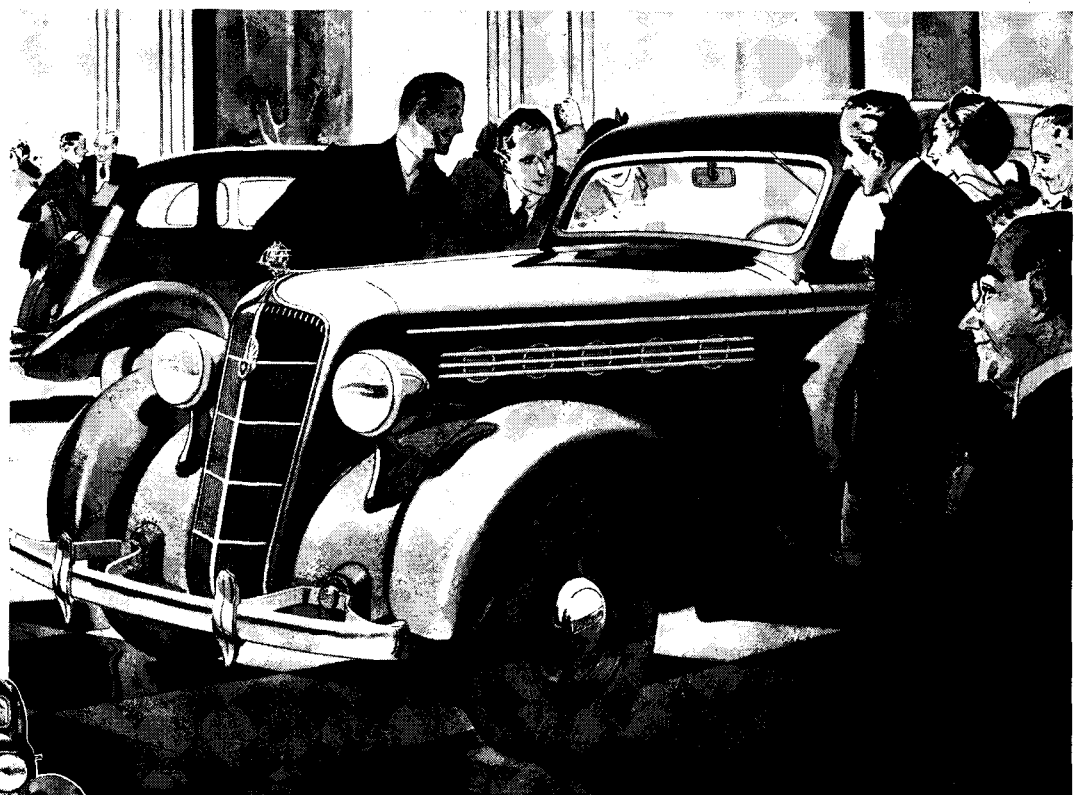
New Torpedo-type Body... of steel reinforced with steel... safest body construction known.

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*It's completely New, Designed from the Ground up, to meet Today's Traffic Needs.*

THE IMPORTANT THING to see at the Auto Show is Plymouth's new High-Speed Safety Car. It's an entirely new kind of automobile.

It marks the greatest advance in low-priced car design in the past 15 years.

Be honest with yourself! You're driving faster than you used to. Everybody is.

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Plymouth engineers started from the ground up to create this revolutionary new type of High-Speed Safety Car.



Improved Hydraulic Brakes stop the new 1935 Plymouth with instant action at all speeds.

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This year, you will hear a lot about Plymouth's "Floating Ride." It's something you've got to experience yourself.

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Floating Power did to engine vibration.

As for appearance, that's self-evident. The new Plymouth is a perfectly beautiful automobile. But the smart exterior is only a hint of the surprise you'll have when you look inside.

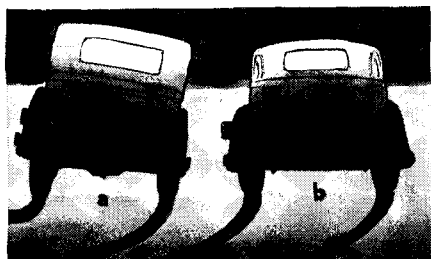
You'll be delighted with the extra room. You'll marvel at the comfort that five full-sized people can now enjoy.

And you'll feel safe and secure in the

knowledge that you are riding in a Safety-Steel body. An even stronger body than previous Plymouths have had.

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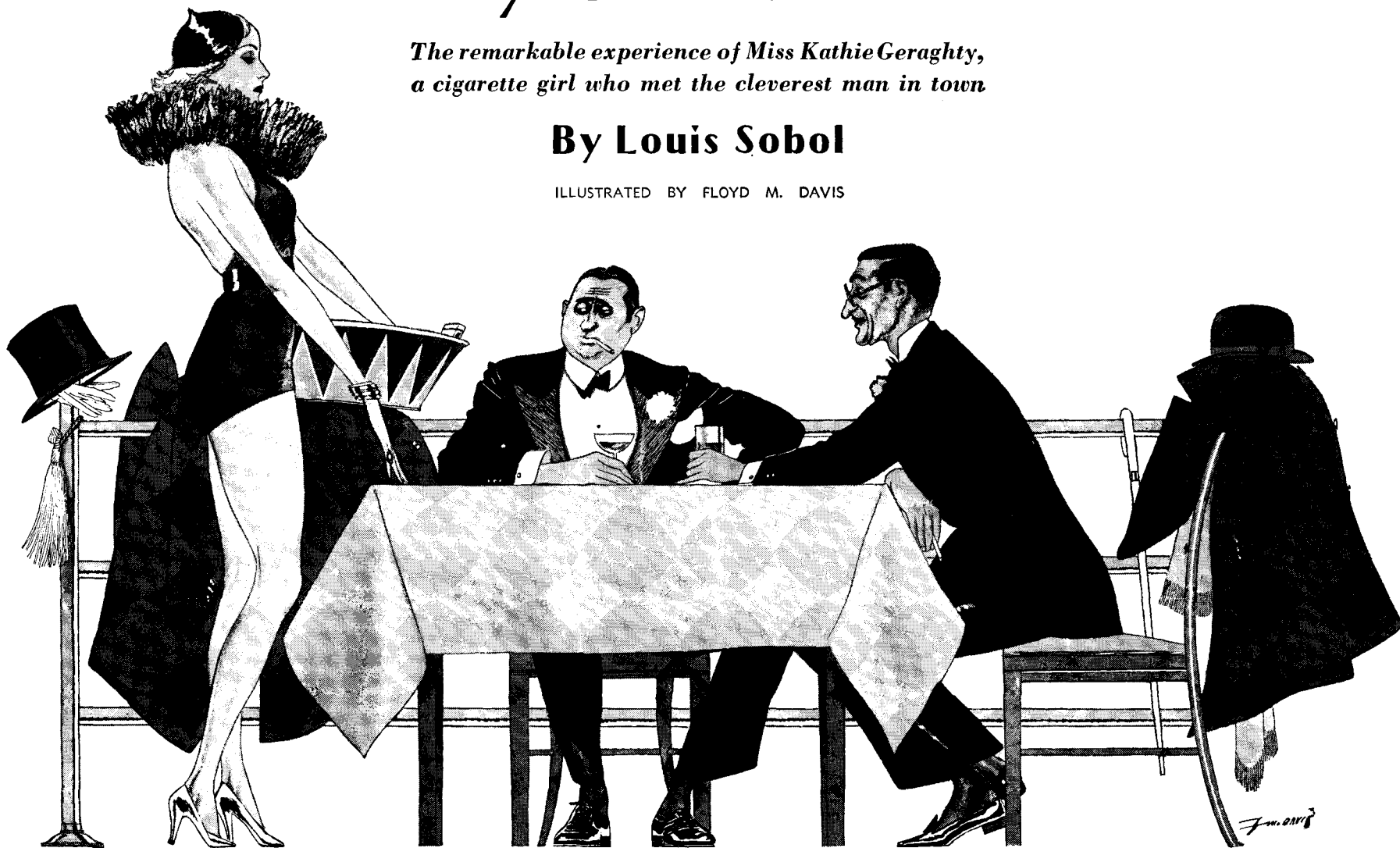


# Any Girl Will Do

*The remarkable experience of Miss Kathie Geraghty,  
a cigarette girl who met the cleverest man in town*

**By Louis Sobol**

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS



I says to her, "How'd you like it if I fix it so you get into Sam Price's new show?"

**I** AND Pangie are sitting at a table against the rear rail in the Petit Palais, getting smoothly plastered. When we're sober we hate each other—particularly in print because it is good business. The best paragraphs I ever write is when I'm twisting the stiletto in his back because the words are always punchier when you're riding at somebody. Pangie always says I'm a man after his own heart—with a knife!

I guess maybe he's really jealous of me anyway, because the gazette I cover the Twisted Artery for is got maybe half a million more circulation than his rag, to say nothing of two million cool on Sunday. His rag has no Sunday sheet and besides I go into maybe a hundred or more sheets, and good-sized ones, all over the country, to say nothing that twice a week I blurt out my intimate stuff over the ether waves for the confidential ears of millions of admiring fans.

Pangie is Harvard, '21, and I'm Public School No. 420, '14; but I find out early in life you don't need more than maybe sixty or seventy words to become a stylist when you got ideas, and nobody, I guess I don't have to tell you, is six, five and odds when it comes to style like your best gal's favorite, little Lemmie. Pangie says most of my sixty words is "I" and the rest is "me."

That's why Pangie hates me, I guess—my having a rep and influence and knocking out plenty of silk, while all they say about him on the Stem is, "That Pangie's a nice guy." Which gets you exactly nowhere.

But I don't go out of my way to avoid Pangie because toss a few drinks into him and he begins to spill. I've snared some of my best lead lines right out of

his soused chatter and maybe he doesn't burn.

"Where'd you get that dope about the Vandergrifts?" he'll chirp sourly. "I thought I had that sewed up exclusive—I was going to use it Monday."

"I never reveal a source," I retort. "Have a drink!"

**S**O, AS I say, we're sitting at a table against the back rail because the pretty babies of the Petit Palais show have got to pass by there on their way to the phones in the ladies' lounge and most times they stop, going or coming, to chat with you. You get a lot of news that way because what these little honeys don't know about the playboys and the frills they're handing expensive ice and sables to would not fill the back of a punctured postage stamp.

I have maybe by now a dozen drinks in me and I am showing Pangie my bankbooks and telling him what President Roosevelt says about my last column where I solve the Denton jewel mystery and get all the sleuths sore, to say nothing of adding fifty thousand more circulation to the Courier, although you can't get my boss, Old Sourpuss, to admit it.

"I guess," says Pangie, "you are wonderful."

"To show you how wonderful I am," I retort, "I can take Nick, the bus boy over there, and I can make people believe he's a great comic—just with a few lines in my column. Say, I got a letter from the governor of Kentucky—"

Just then along breezes Kathie, who is the very popular cigarette pirate at the Petit Palais—and that gives me an idea.

Now get me right. I'm not so crazy about Kathie. She's fresh. Maybe I

start telling her some very interesting stuff and how I got the inside through my Park Avenue or my White House connections, and like as not she'll walk away without letting me finish or she'll blurt, "You don't say, Lemmie. Honest to Gawd, you mean you found out all yourself that Mrs. Lipschitz is going to fill a bassinet even before her husband knowed about it? Ain't that touching!" Which is very fresh of her.

But coming along that way gives me an idea I want to test.

"Hey, snoot," I yell, "come here!"

She comes over and rests her tray on the rail and I says to her: "Listen, Hepburn. How'd you like it if I fix it so you get into Sam Price's new show? How you think you'd like that, fella?"

"How'd you like to sit in your hat?" she retorts, peeved. "Listen, I know you're a big shot and I know all the money you got in your bank books and what a great guy you are, sez you, but don't come aroun' kiddin' me. I'm up and ahead of you every time. I don't need no mention in your column, neither. I get by aw-right the way I am."

I grab her by the arm. "Get this, baby," I sound off. "I know lots of dames are easier on the eyes and better to listen to. But I've got an idea and I'm going through with it. You're lucky because you come along just when you do so I pick on you. Now if you want to listen, all right, and if you don't, scram."

She just looks at me and says nothing.

I continue: "Your looks wouldn't win any Miss America prize if I was judge. But you got decent stems what I've seen of them and you don't look so bad from the back. In fact, if it wasn't for your face you'd

be halfway decent lookin'. I'm going to show you that I can take anybody and make them talked about. I'm going to show you what you can do with a little of the right publicity. Now thank me, heart."

"You know what you are?" sneers Pangie, gulping down another Martini. "You're an egomaniac."

"You lifted that from me," I snap back. "I used that in one of my columns."

"I am very fond of Kathie," says Pangie, "but you nor nobody is going to make her a raving beauty just because you've got a public that reads the few words you know. Even me, with all my good words, I couldn't make her a Sammy Price beauty. Stop kidding her."

**I** IGNORE him and talk to Kathie. "Meet me at Dave's at 2 tomorrow," I tell her. "This is no gag. You be there. Oke?"

"Oke," she says without much enthusiasm.

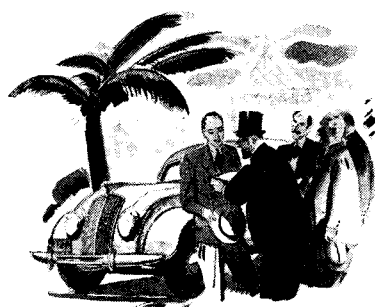
She wiggles off and I turn to Pangie. "Know what I'm going to do?" I confide. "I am going to make her the most-talked-of chorine on Broadway. What's she got? Nothing. Not a thing. She ain't good-looking and she ain't got much color, but I'm going to show you what hammering away every day, a few lines at a time, is going to do in my column. And a few words over the air ain't going to hurt either—not when I hand it out. Five gets you ten every producer'll be breaking his neck to get her next season."

"I bet," drawls Pangie. . . . Well, I am at Dave's the next afternoon about 2:30, being a little late because I oversleep on account of the binge  
(Continued on page 49)



# De Soto, Holder of Twenty-nine World Records BUILDS A NEW AERO-DYNAMIC CAR AT POPULAR PRICES

Invades Lower-price Field with a Streamlined Model of Inspired Design



De Soto wins coveted "Grand Prix" award for Beauty at Monte Carlo!

1935 Airflow Model also on Display... See these New Aero-Dynamic Cars Today

THIS YEAR DE SOTO does the unexpected again... introduces not one new car... but two!

First, a new Airstream De Soto to sell at Popular Prices. And secondly, the famous record-breaking Airflow... now brilliantly restyled.

The new Airstream De Soto embodies many of the principles and features of Airflow design.

It has a 93-horsepower engine... with a cruising speed of 85 miles an hour.

It gives you a new kind of ride... due to application of the principle of weight distribution embodied in the Airflow, independent front wheel suspension and



Airstream De Soto... the most outstanding popular-priced automobile value of 1935!

new tapered leaf springs in the rear.

The frame and body of the Airstream De Soto are virtually one unit... floors are  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches lower... seats are wider.

We can't describe the new Airflow model. You will have to see it yourself... with your own eyes... to know how truly beautiful it is.

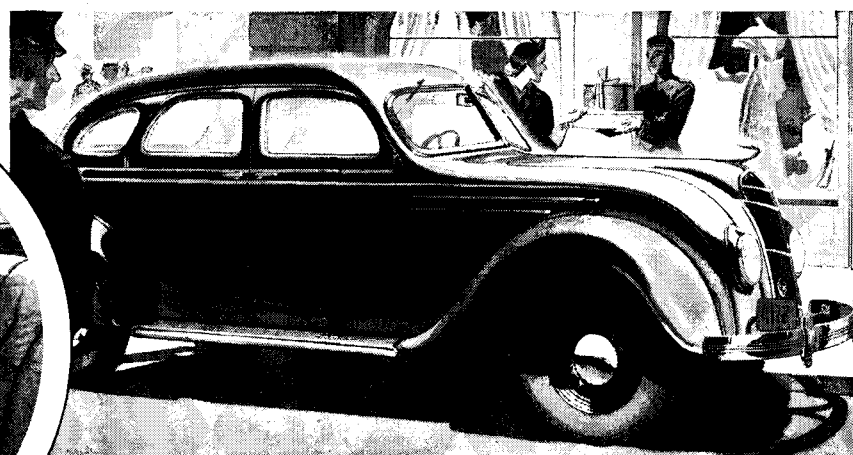
The whole car has been beautifully restyled. Interiors are smarter than ever

... with the most modern appointments.

Drive this car... experience for yourself the thrill of handling this new kind of automobile... enjoy for the first time the famous Airflow Ride.

Both of the new De Sotos are now on display. Go see them at any De Soto showroom... arrange to drive them.

This year there's only one question... "Which De Soto will it be?"



## BOTH CARS OFFER:

**Improved Performance.** Airflow De Soto has 100 horsepower—Airstream De Soto, 93 horsepower. Both give sensational economy in gas and oil consumption.

**New-type Tapered Leaf Springs and Redistribution of Weight...** greatly improve riding comfort.

**Improved Hydraulic Brakes** that are always equalized and always dependable.

**All-Steel Bodies...** for greater safety on the highway.

**New Syncro-Silent Transmission...** gives silent, effortless gear-shifting in all speeds.

**\$695 AND UP**  
F. O. B.  
FACTORY,  
DETROIT

LEFT: The new Airflow De Soto. Note the higher hood, the new graceful lines of the "front end"... brilliantly restyled without changing its streamline efficiency in any way. Interiors, too, have been completely refitted with sparkling new modern fabrics.



This drawing gives you a hint of the elegance of the interiors in the new 1935 Airstream De Soto.

*Airflow* **DE SOTO** *Airstream*  
AMERICA'S AERO-DYNAMIC STYLE LEADERS



# Five Thousand Dollars

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Louis Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**H**E, LIKE everyone else, had always called Alison "Happy." They'd been married a year, and the boy's only regret was his underestimation of the time it would take to become famous. A draftsman, he was lucky to be working at all. "What's the matter," said the girl; "don't you like the chops?"

"Sure. But I'm not hungry. So this kid comes in with the wire, see, and I'm afraid to open it. Martin said, 'Bad news, Williams?'"

"And then you told Old Man Berg?"

"I handed him the telegram. He looks up over those thick glasses and says, 'Hm. A little start, anyhow, Williams. Well, go on home and tell the wife—you wouldn't do no more work today, anyhow.' He always says 'anyhow.'"

"Let me see it again," said Happy. She read it aloud: "The Commissar of Public Building of the U. S. S. R. has instructed me to inform you that your design for a model tenement has been chosen in the competition, the award, as you know, being five thousand dollars. You will receive draft in a few days. Congratulations. S. Govinov, Consul."

The chops, burned anyway, got cold. Martin and Old Man Berg and S. Govinov of the Russian government became confused in his mind.

"Russ! Let's go out some night and not care how much we spend—tip the waiter too much and—"

"The main thing about success," said the young man, "is you got to watch it doesn't go to your head. I'll get a nice little place with one of those neat architect signs," he pushed his untouched plate away, "and a girl to take dictation. We'll give Martin at the place a job—he's a good plugger. And after we've made some money and got established I'd like to go to Italy, Happy."

"Gee, it'd be grand to travel! England and all. Italy—could we live in an Italian pension, like you read about?"

"It's not pronounced like something you get from the government, honey. It's *ponshone*. I can study Greek and Roman ruins."

"I guess," said Happy, "we'd learn Italian quick in a *ponshone*. . . Listen, Russ. Are you going to quit at Berg's?"

"I been thinking about that. Plugging away at crusty blueprints and plumbing systems and ventilators isn't so hot, but I was kinda thinkin' you don't want it to get around that you're swell-headed. See what I mean?"

"Well, I think you're right."

He smiled. "Listen, Happy. Let's go out right now and do something silly!"

"I never felt more like doing something silly," she chuckled gayly, "in my whole life. Let's mail twenty dollars to Aunt May and say, 'Please waste enclosed and oblige.' Then we'll get a taxi. I want one of those sundaes that cost forty cents—The Lover's Dream. Forty cents always seemed like too much before. You think up one."

"Say, do I have to think up *more* crazy things? How much money we got on hand? Forty-eight dollars? The house money—what does a house want with money! Not much . . . but enough. Remember the movie we saw where the old millionaire cut off his

worthless son and gave his dough to the first guy who came along? We'll send Aunt May the twenty and give ten to the first guy we meet and that'll leave enough for a swell time."

The conversation lapsed and Russell became thoughtful. What he enjoyed was Happy's childishly blissful gayety. A mere forty-cent sundae! Why didn't she want something big and grand? "Happy!"

"Yes?"

"Listen. Sundaes and taxis are all right, but what in the whole world would you like more than anything else? Something so big and expensive we'd regret it the rest of our lives?" He was serious.

**H**APPY'S big blue eyes flashed an intense longing. She put the thought away as suddenly. "Oh, let's go downtown, Russ. Right now. I— We'll have one of those Lover's Dreams."

The boy's eyes wouldn't take that answer. "What do you want, Happy? Anything. My party—to buy it for you."

Something caught in her voice. "The—the . . . *ponshone*."

He took it in, little by little. "The *ponshone* in Italy? Now?"

"Well, no," she sort of apologized. "Of course what I meant was— Oh, Russ. It's no use. We just couldn't!"

"Oh, we couldn't?" This was the grandest, wildest, craziest, loveliest idea. "We couldn't?" he demanded again, as though daring argument. "Who's gonna stop us? Old Man Berg? I'll punch him in the nose. We've got five thousand bucks. Oh, boy! A *ponshone* in Italy!"

"And I could study Italian." Happy was dazzled.

"I guess we'll go first class on the biggest boat." Boy! To spend five thousand dollars in one wallop!

"Don't you have to get reservations way beforehand? Madge was telling me when her father went to France in 1920 it took six weeks to get tickets."

"Yeah. And passports. And—"

**T**HE bell rang. The earth seemed to shatter. What intruder was bringing his stupid affairs into this enchanted world? Who had the gross, brazen impudence to— "Oh, not at all, Mr. Berg. We're *delighted*! We were only talking about the prize—nothing important. Oh, Russell. Mr. Berg has come to see you. Isn't that nice?"

Nice! Lovely! You've got to get up and laugh off the fact that the chair you're sitting in is the only decent one in the place. The pictures on the wall suddenly looked silly. "Well, this is an honor, Mr. Berg."

"I'll make some tea," said Happy inspirationally. That, too, was wrong, he thought, though she only meant to do her best.

"Is his head all swelled up, Mrs. Williams? If not it's a surprise I won't believe, anyhow. I won a prize once. How long have you been with the company, Williams?" Mr. Berg, a fat man, plumped down in the chair, very much at home.

"Why—about three years, sir."

"Hm. That's long enough," said Mr. Berg pleasantly.



"The main thing about success," said the young man, "is you got to watch it doesn't go to your head"

Oh, so he was going to get fired! But why?

"I'll tell you about *my* prize, Mrs. Williams," he lit a long, fragrant cigar. "So long ago it's more like a memory—my drawing is chosen for the altar of a great cathedral. Those days money was bigger, and I won a thousand dollars. I was just married, like you. My heart was full of classic architecture, Mrs. Williams. Ask me, then: why should I go in plumbing and ventilators?"

"Why, Mr. Berg?"

"Why? Because I got common sense. I think—there is only a few people have got cathedrals, but everybody has got to have plumbing. So what do I do with that thousand dollars? Ask me once."

"What, Mr. Berg?" He and Happy were under a sort of spell.

"I buy a plumbing business, Mrs. Williams. Anyhow, why make a long story longer than it is? I'll come to the point anyhow. I got no children. So I am making Martin—he saves his money—one partner; also Williams. It takes the investment of . . . m-m . . . five thousand dollars."

The two young people seemed to have stopped breathing. Russell said at last, "But your business must be worth twenty times—"

"I got no children. You and Martin are my best boys. What else should I

do, then? You shouldn't start wrong. Well. The answer?"

Russell J. Williams, Architect, drew a breath, then nodded, dazed.

"Good," said Mr. Berg. "We'll have a talk in the office, anyhow."

Oddly enough, when the round breezy presence had gone Russell and Happy sat in silence for a while. The little wheel inside the cheap clock whizzed loudly round and round. At last Happy said, "Oh . . . I— Russ, I . . . did so want to live in a—a *ponshone* in Italy!"

Russell, somehow confidently, as a partner in Berg, Martin & Williams, knew exactly the right thing to say: "Get your coat, Happy, and let's go downtown and have a couple of those Lover's Dreams."



# "I wish we had 10 men like him"

"He can handle important prospects, soothe complaining customers, dig up business in any territory."

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It takes him to widely scattered cities in a matter of minutes. It cuts through crowded lobbies, past secretaries, straight to the desk where decisions are made. It lands orders that would be lost between regular visits. It is flexible, efficient, *modern*.

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The local Bell Company will gladly tell you how Long Distance can be most profitably applied to your business. There is no charge, no obligation. Call the nearest Business Office.



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| Philadelphia | New York         | \$ .50  | \$ .40  | \$ .35     |
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| Atlanta      | Washington, D.C. | 2.35    | 1.95    | 1.30       |
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# Never a Dull Moment

*It's as busy and as fascinating as a thirty-three-ring circus, this animal collector's workshop deep in the Malay wilderness. Daily shows, rain or shine, by leopards, monkeys, leeches, pythons, wasps, tigers, exotic jungle birds and hundreds of other performers save Mr. Buck from boredom. It's always a good show*

**By Frank Buck**

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. COLLINS

THE moon fades fast in the jungle. One moment it hangs in a blue velvet sky, pale and silver and fragile as rice paper. From somewhere in the deep, damp shadows of great ferns a hyena tilts back his head and howls his ugly song to the silent, silver lantern. And then the lantern is gone, snuffed out like a faint candle by the golden glory of the rising sun. With the sun the sleeping jungle wakes . . . and with it the jungle man wakes too.

He sees a patch of sky, framed by the glistening leaves of jungle trees and gray through the haze of white mosquito netting that shrouds his cot. From far away he hears the lovely call of an argus pheasant whistling to its mate a half-mile deeper in the jungle, and he marvels that a sound can be so beautiful. He hears the last echo of the night-singing tree frogs and the first cricking of the lizards that come to life on the branches of the trees above his head. From two miles away—plaintive, musical, lonely—a gibbon calls across the forest. The squirrels begin their barking, the gray sky turns a paler blue and day has come. . . .

It is this medley of miraculous sound and shadow and golden light that hails each new day I spend in the jungle. While I have often told stories of animals, their habits, their lives and their thrilling captures, I have never told the story of myself, of a full day in my jungle camp in northern Johore, of exactly what happens in that little spot of man-made clearing in a great wilderness between daybreak and dusk. This is that story.

Strangely enough, with that golden, musical dawn, I get up from my cot—in a cage! This seems natural enough for captured animals, but for a capturing man it probably seems queer. It is, however, absolutely essential. For

my bedroom is literally a cage designed, not to keep me in, but to keep jungle animals out. The walls and ceiling are made of tough expanded metal, a wire mesh strong enough to withstand the attack of the fiercest leopard or tiger. It is only this sturdy metal cage that allows me and my boys to sleep in safety through the long jungle night.

I get up, stretch, step out of the cage into the warming sunshine, and Ali brings me a bowl of water for a wash. It is tepid water from a near-by jungle stream. The sleep leaves my eyes. I shake the water from my hair, look up at the sun and the blue Malayan sky, glad to be alive and ready for a new day's work.

"Boy, *bowa buoa!*" I call, and clap my hands sharply.

It is my first command each morning, that—"Boy, bring fruit!"—and Ali brings it, his brown face serious as always, his white teeth showing faintly in the sun.

It is glorious fruit, spread out on a wide, green banana leaf and carried tenderly in Ali's lithe hands. There are a large custard apple, a few ripe bananas—the size of a man's little finger—a mango and a half-dozen mangosteens.

These mangosteens are the most delicious fruit in the world. They are the one delicacy Queen Victoria wanted from her Indian empire—and never could have. They ripen so quickly and spoil so easily that they cannot be shipped, even in the fastest refrigerated boats. However, things have changed now. If England's beloved queen of a generation ago were alive today her wish could be gratified, for outside of the Far East there is but one place in the world where they can now be bought—at a tremendous price. That is London. They are carried there, and there alone, by the fast Dutch mail planes



From somewhere off in the dark a hyena howls mournfully



that connect eastern Asia with Western Europe.

It is impossible to describe the taste of a mangosteen. It has an indefinable, subtle something about it that defies words. It has a deep purple shell that is so hard it must be cut with a knife. Once it is cut, however, there is inside the purest of white meat that has an aroma like the rarest perfume on earth.

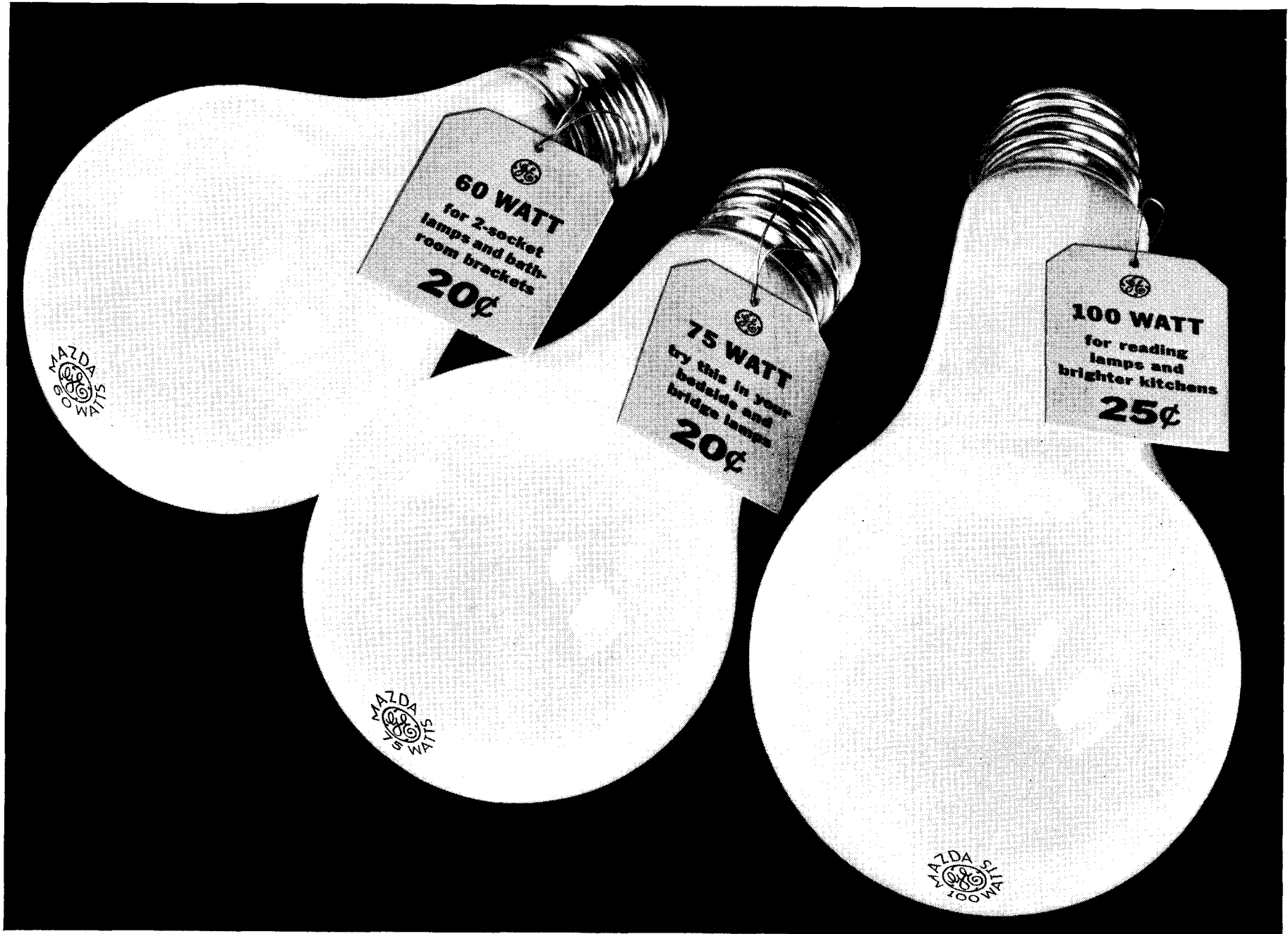
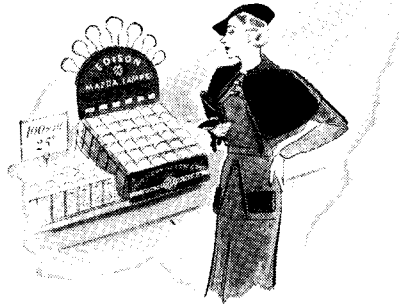
Fruit—even such delicious fruit—is but part of a jungle breakfast. Ali has lighted a charcoal fire and is boiling water for coffee, if we're lucky—tea if we're not. Every native village has its

charcoal kiln, for charcoal is important in making a quick fire, and quick, hot fires are necessary in the damp jungle country. Every drop of water that is drunk, you see, must first be boiled. Usually it is boiled the evening before and left in stone jugs all night to cool.

On his fire Ali has a pot of rice cooking for the boys, who are squatting about on their haunches, waiting. If we are particularly lucky I have fresh fish, caught in a near-by jungle stream, or eggs imported from the nearest jungle village. And it all tastes marvelous

(Continued on page 54)





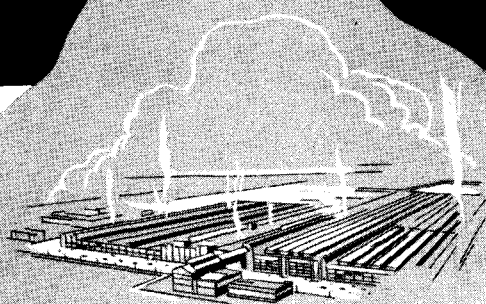
## Speaking of bargains...

IF you like to get a lot for your money, here are astonishing values...lamps that are made with the finest precision...tested and inspected 480 times to guard against the smallest imperfections. They are generous with light...economical with current...and they don't burn out too soon. All this for 20¢! Even the 100-watt Edison MAZDA lamp costs only 25¢. Why take chances?

**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**  
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MODERN COULD COME  
A LOW-PRICED CAR  
SO FINE

Watch people when a new Pontiac Six glides past. Notice their eyes light up. See their heads swing 'round to follow its silent progress. That involuntary tribute is paid only to this big, roomy, speedlined car—the most beautiful thing on wheels. And the stirring promise of its beauty is fulfilled with every ride. Only high-priced cars can measure up to Pontiac performance, for Pontiac combines the best of everything. A "Turret-Top" Body by Fisher, the safest in the world. Triple-sealed hydraulic brakes, the surest and finest money can buy. The smoothest and liveliest engine you ever sat behind; and with all this, economy that few cars can approach. In fact, this product of a great modern plant is so incredibly rich in everything worthwhile, that its

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January 26, 1935

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will appear as nothing short of phenomenal to everyone  
who sees and appreciates value. A look—a ride—and you'll decide!

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Rear-Drive • Silver-Alloy Bearing Engines • 10-Second  
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**A**THLETE or not, your face takes plenty of punishment from your razor every day!

So, to prevent this after-shave irritation . . . to keep your face fit and fresh . . . Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil. And olive oil, say thousands of trainers and athletes, has no equal for soothing an irritated skin . . . for keeping it in perfect shape always.

It is also this same unique formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's richer, creamier lather—lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Get a tube—today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES

FOR 25¢

40¢  
GIANT SIZE  
200 SHAVES



## A Modern Home for Everyone

Continued from page 13

And if the private building industry can be thus aroused I believe that a new force will then begin to assert itself which may have a profound influence on the course of our business life during the next three or four years. It is a force, powerful as Time, benevolent yet ruthless, at once builder and destroyer. This is Science. There is its strange and capricious handmaiden—Style. Never in any four years or even ten years in our history have so many advances been made by technology and style in the field of the small house.

Mr. Charles F. Kettering of General Motors has said that it is the business of Science, working for business, to keep the customers dissatisfied. That may shock some economists and even more some philosophers. But it is the principle on which the vast automobile business has been built. In our capitalist-machine system Kettering is probably right about this. That system lives on change—ceaseless, endless change. Kettering meant that it is the continuous progress in the technical efficiency and the comfort and artistic styling of motor cars which has made people willing to put aside their old cars for new ones and has kept the motor factories busy.

## Clamoring for Action

If this is so, I am willing to make this statement: I can build a small house—I am not a builder but can hire plenty of them—which will be so beautiful, so snug, so amazingly convenient, so furnished with modern means of heating and conditioning and ventilating, so equipped in its bathroom and kitchen, so designed in its living quarters, that I will undertake to make half the women in this country eager to own it if they will but go inside. And if we ever get started in the business of building these better-class small homes, this factor of technological and style obsolescence will begin to operate against the old ones. It is conceivable that the effect may produce a revolution in housing.

But the start must be made. And the place to make the start is through a government program of low-cost housing—small homes and tenements which can be rented for three, four and five dollars a room.

With house-building by the government there is supposed to be one big trouble: it's slow. Red tape will tie our old Uncle up in so many knots that he will get no houses built. There's something to that. But there's this also—the business of low-cost housing is one which private industry just never has gotten around to.

Moreover, the government has already gone through the slow stage. The advocates of housing were clamoring for action twenty months ago. At that time, however, the President put his faith for recovery chiefly in the NRA. Housing and other agencies of recovery were thrust aside. Now we are getting around to housing again.

But this time has not been wholly lost. The Public Works Administration fooled around with housing in those twenty months. It found out plenty. It located the sources of the red tape. It learned various ways not to build houses. One of them was to trust to private initiative. The government merely proposed to lend money to local groups which were willing to put up some of their own money and handle the various projects. That turned out to be a complete failure. Now the gov-

ernment has learned that the only way low-cost houses can be built is through government-owned housing corporations. That, at a stroke, cuts a huge mass of red tape. Millions of yards of this tape are created when the government is doing work through private agencies. The theory of protecting the government from its borrowers, etc., brings into being an endless binding-up with protective ribbon.

Then there is a good deal of checking and planning when houses are to be built. Are the houses needed? Are they needed where proposed? What of the price of the land? What of the title? Plans must be decided on and prepared. Contracts for building must be made. The building must be constructed. And then it must be managed.

One of the most impressive things I have seen in Washington is the organization which has now been brought into being in the PWA for handling this whole process. It is now possible to shoot a proposal for low-cost housing into one end of this organization and have it come out in five months a definite project with men working on the foundations. A series of departments have been set up through which the project can flow without interruption and as speedily as it can flow through any private office.

This organization is building now in Detroit houses which will rent for \$4.68 a month per room. These houses will supply heat, electric refrigeration, electric lights. This is as cheap as the rents paid for miserable rooms in decaying hovels. It is building another group of houses in Cincinnati to rent for \$6.53 a month per room, including heat, refrigeration, with the most modern planning and construction, the buildings occupying only 23 per cent of the land and with landscaping, playgrounds, parking facilities, and a social center. This project is costing \$5,671,000.

What is being done here can be duplicated in as many places as there is need for these low-cost homes, which means every city. These houses represent merely a beginning in the matter of price. There is ample evidence that the PWA can produce houses at still lower rental costs.

The PWA has been busy in various parts of the country acquiring land for the projects it has in mind. This has proceeded swiftly under the new organization. The government does not have to dicker too long with landowners. Under the power of eminent domain it can take the property and proceed to build. The price can be settled later. Secretary Harold Ickes believes that the PWA could proceed with little or no delay with two billion dollars of housing a year.

## Within Ninety Days

The PWA plans deal largely with multi-family houses in cities. This leaves the need for small houses in rural communities untouched. And this phase of the low-cost housing dream has been passing through the hoppers in Federal Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins' division.

Here, it seems to me, Mr. Hopkins has at least answered the question—can the government build low-cost houses at low cost? He has done it. Anyone who feels a doubt about this ought to take a run out to Red House, in Putnam County, about 27 miles from Charleston, West Virginia.

There he has built 150 houses. They

were all completed within 90 days from the date on which they were begun. They cost from \$1,800 to \$2,500, averaging \$2,150. This includes house, barn, chicken pen, plot of three quarters of an acre. The houses are built of cinder blocks with wood finish on the interior. They were built by men working 48 hours a week at the prevailing rate of 45 cents an hour. The men worked for but one week in the month; that work constituted a month's relief. The houses were built by unemployed carpenters, painters, plumbers, miners, electricians, needy farmers. They were paid no more than relief money but when the ninety days had passed 150 low-cost homes had been added to the wealth of the nation. The government, instead of having spent a little over \$300,000, had invested that in homes for its people.

Mr. Hopkins says that it would be possible to start at once on nearly two thousand similar projects and to put a billion dollars this way into the building industry.

## Keeping the Dollar Active

If, therefore, through the operations of Mr. Hopkins in the rural field and Mr. Ickes in the urban centers in multi-family houses, the building trades could be revived, it would not be long before the Federal Housing Administration under Mr. James A. Moffett, which is set up to make loans to private owners to build new houses through private initiative, would begin to bear fruit.

All this is part of the design to revive the capital goods industries. The reader has probably been hearing about the capital goods industry and the durable goods industry for the last two years until he has come to be, probably, tired of it. Perhaps he has wondered why it has come to be looked on as the key to recovery. An economist can explain it to any reader until he has a headache. It can be put into a mathematical formula that will fill a page. But it can be explained more simply.

To make it clear, let us have a look at the private life of that little thing which seems to be at the bottom of most of our trouble—the dollar.

As long as we keep spending all the dollars we make—all of us—we can run along fairly well. But, as you know, we do not spend them all. We save many.

When a dollar comes into your possession you have the power of life and death over it. You can make two choices about it: you can decide to spend it or you can decide to put it away. Spending it includes spending it at once or just holding it to spend a little later as, for instance, to go away on a trip in the summer, which is merely a briefly postponed spending. Now, then, let us shadow the dollar and watch its career.

You get it in your pay envelope along with many other dollars, of course. You decide to spend it. You take it to a shoe store and Saturday afternoon it is in the shoe merchant's cash register. He pays it to his salesman, who hands it to his wife. She takes it to the market and buys some groceries with it. Next week the grocer sends it to the food manufacturer. He pays one of his workmen with it. The workman takes it to a store, buys a hat. The hat man pays a salesman, who takes it to another store. The merchant sends it to a manufacturer, who pays his manager. Thus, you see, the dollar is busy, leading an active, industrious career, making busi-

(Continued on page 34)



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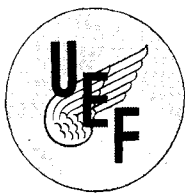
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## A Modern Home for Everyone

Continued from page 32

ness as it goes. When the manager gets it, however, he looks his affairs over, feels fairly prosperous and decides to put that dollar away for a rainy day. He puts it in a savings bank.

Now the activity and the movement of the dollar come to an end for the moment. The manager isn't going to spend it. The savings bank won't spend it. It is trapped in the bank until somebody borrows it. Along comes a builder who borrows that dollar, plus many more. He pays it to a carpenter who, also, is feeling pretty good about things and decides to save a little and he claps the dollar back into the savings bank right away. Thus it comes to a standstill immediately. And there it will remain until someone borrows it again. This is happening to dollars all the time. They move around speedily, freely until they reach some fellow who turns them into his savings funds—not always in a savings bank, of course, but in various other ways. And when they come into these capital savings accounts there is ordinarily no way for them to get out unless someone borrows them and feeds them back into active spending again. If borrowing comes to a stop for any reason then, the life and activity of our dollars tend to come to a stop.

### Adding to Our Wealth

We have vast reservoirs of savings filled with idle dollars. We can get them to work again; we can check these continual interruptions of the business lives of our dollars only by keeping alive the engines of long-term credit. And the one and practically only engine for doing this is our various capital goods industries. And the most important part of this is the building construction industry.

It was the amazing activity of this industry which made us prosperous in the twenties. We built vast automobile plants, we produced great numbers of railroad cars and engines. We built roads, millions of garages, great numbers of handsome automobile showrooms, moving-picture theaters—25,000 of them—schools, public buildings, several million houses to meet the move-

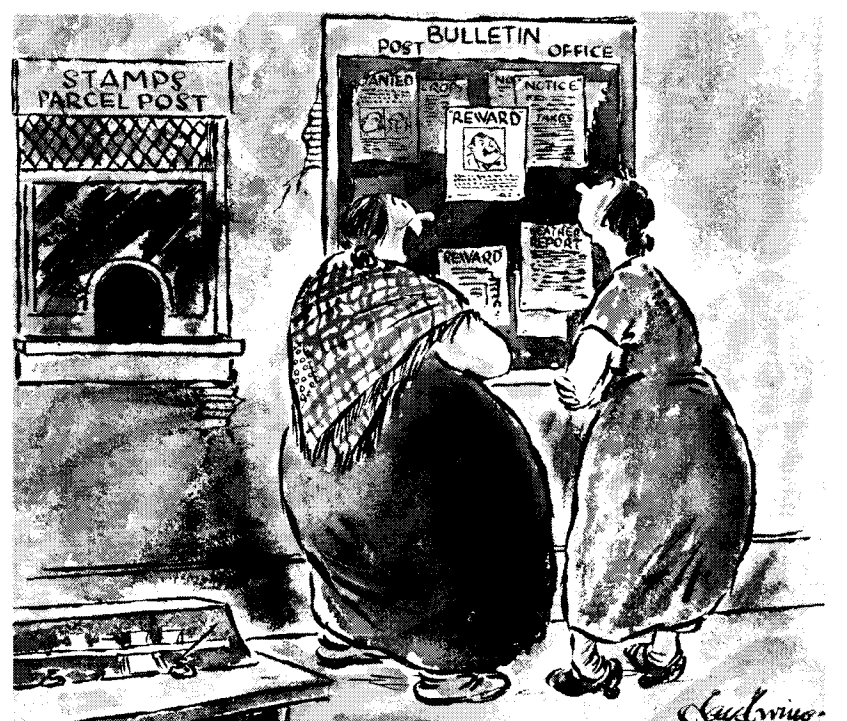
ment of our people into the suburbs because of changed forms of transportation. All these industries are carried on on long-term borrowing. It is because these industries are now idle that millions are out of work and it is idle to suppose that these millions from the construction industries can be absorbed into the consumers goods industries by merely shortening the work week.

They can be put back to work only by reviving the capital goods industries and this can be done only by reviving, borrowing and releasing all these stagnant dollars trapped in the capital funds of the nation.

The government alone can start that now and it can do it by beginning the construction of low-cost housing on a vast scale and by holding itself ready to reform and stimulate and aid the financing of better-cost housing as soon as that picks up under the stimulus of the former.

The Public Works Administration has tried to estimate the destiny of the dollars spent in low-cost housing. Here's the way it works out: Out of every dollar spent, six cents goes to the architect, superintendents, foremen, clerks, etc. Thirty-eight cents goes to the building trades workers; twenty cents to the workers in the mills which make lumber, bricks, cement, plumbing, electric wiring and other fabricated materials. Another seven cents goes to workers in the raw materials industries—forests, iron, coal, etc. Four cents goes to workers on railroads and trucking for transporting goods, etc. This makes seventy-five cents paid out to labor in wages. And what becomes of that? Remember the private life of the dollar I told you of. This building dollar goes to stores for shoes, hats, radios, etc., to factories, to workers in factories, to farmers and so on. Imagine two billion dollars living private lives like this.

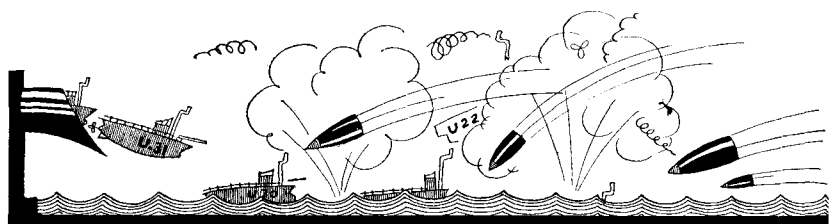
And beyond all this, the federal government, if it puts its funds into building low-cost homes for its people, will be investing its money rather than spending it. It will have not merely added to the recovery of the nation, but will have added to its wealth as well.



"We took that picture on our honeymoon"

JAY IRVING





## Keep Up with the World

### By Freling Foster

The Allies sunk only five German submarines in 1914, 19 in 1915 and 22 in 1916. But during 1917 and up to November, 1918, they sent 132 of them to the bottom, or one every 120 hours. During those last two years, however, Germany was making them at the rate of one every 90 hours, an astonishing production schedule for such a large and intricate piece of machinery.

Stamp collectors sometimes pay large prices for uniqueness in stamps. Recently one enthusiastic philatelist gave \$1,975 for an unused one-cent U. S. stamp no different from millions of others except that on two edges it had eleven instead of ten perforations.—By P. H. Thorp, New York City.

Apparently quite a number of Americans never learn to handle rifles and revolvers with care. In this country today, as for many years past, a person is accidentally shot to death every three hours.

Rain is a calamity, not a blessing, in northern Chile, South America. There they pray for aridity, and fortunately they get plenty of it. Rain not only washes away their mud huts but it dissolves the great nitrate beds, which are one of the chief sources of income of that country, and thereby throws thousands of men out of work for weeks at a time.—By R. J. Thompson, Dilworth, Minnesota.

The probabilities of married couples celebrating their 10th, 25th and 50th wedding anniversaries, based on age at the time of marriage, have been estimated by insurance statisticians. Figures concerning the representative case of a bride of 22 years and a bridegroom of 25 show that out of every thousand such couples, 927 will still be alive and married at the end of 10 years, 759 at the end of 25 years and 168 at the end of 50 years.

Scientists long have scoffed at the ancient belief that moonlight can cause lunacy and render food unfit for use. Recently, however, persistent claims that certain fish caught in the River Nile would spoil overnight if left in the light of the moon have been found to be true.

Fabrics of silk, cotton, wool and rayon now are woven with a fine, insulated copper wire which not only increases their strength and prevents shrinking and stretching, but also acts as a conductor for a warming electric current. Those made of cotton and wool are expected to be used widely in blankets, carpets, automobile robes, clothing for invalids and aviators and as a covering for airplane wings where their warm surface will prevent the formation of ice.

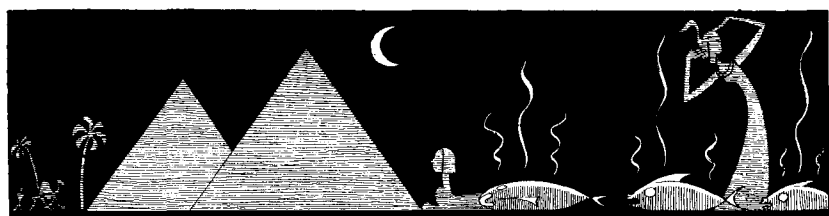
Religious tolerance filled 18th century Austria with Jews, the majority having only one name such as Isaac or Israel. This resulted in confusion, especially in law courts, so Maria Theresa ordered every Jew to take a new name, and one not used by Christians. So names were derived from minerals, flowers and other things and that was the origin of such present-day surnames as Goldberg (gold mountain), Rosenbaum (rose tree) and Rothschild (red sign).—By Sarah Redington, Santa Barbara, California.

Of the many kinds of trials by ordeal used in Europe during the Middle Ages, one of the oddest employed in civil suits was the "Trial by the Cross." Either the two men involved, or professionals hired for the purpose, would stand with uplifted arms before a cross in a church for periods often lasting days, the verdict being awarded to the one who, through God's will, had held the position for the longest time.—By Charles Colman, 3d, Philadelphia.

Recently 272 men and women teachers and 200 convicted criminals were asked to rate their attitudes toward the seriousness of 45 different crimes. The results show both groups regard the crimes in much the same light. However, the teachers gave greater importance to various kinds of assault, drunkenness, driving while drunk and resisting an officer, while the prisoners gave greater importance than the teachers to arson, kidnapping, burglary and carrying concealed weapons.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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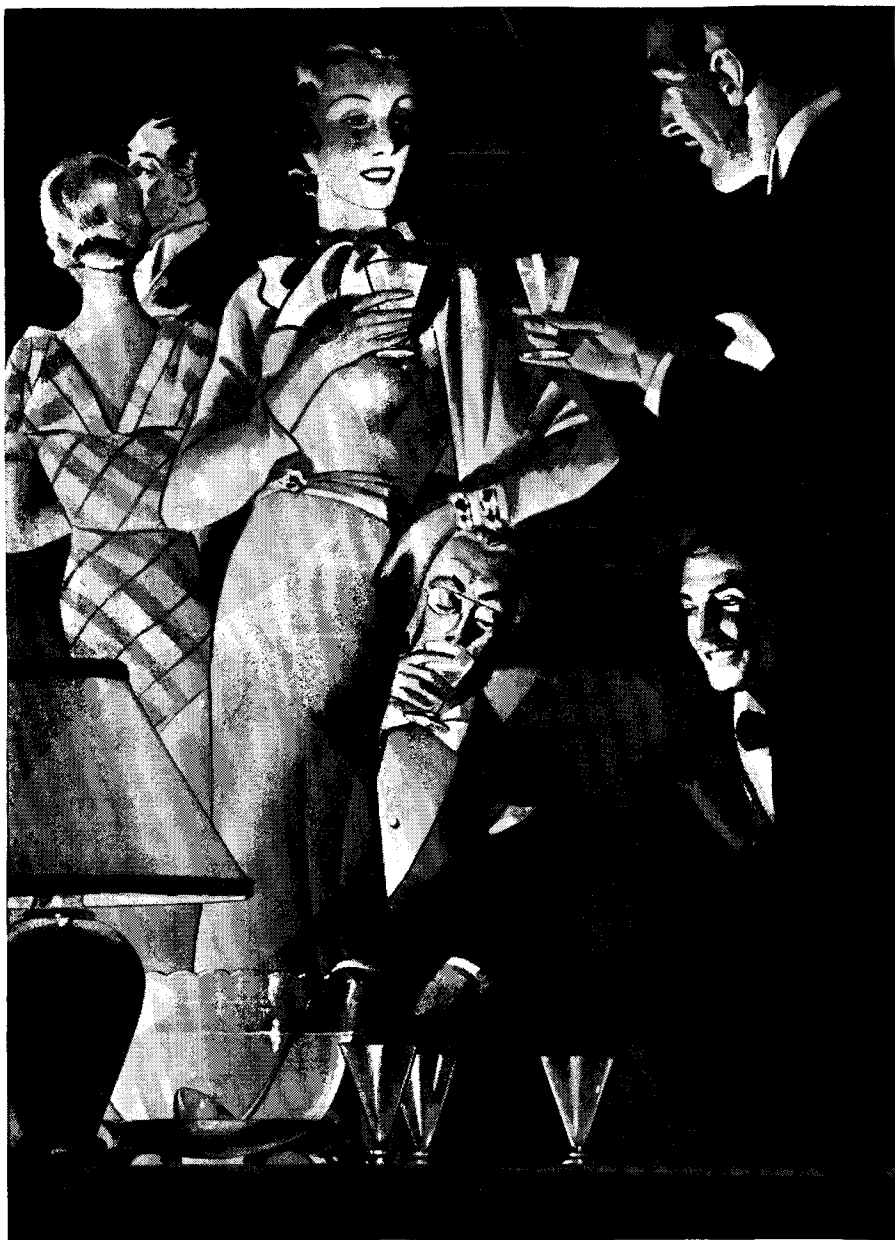
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# DOLE



# PINEAPPLE JUICE

## Snap Course

*Continued from page 11*

before you give me any hero medals for that, remember that I was going to walk home with her again tomorrow evening. . . . Or so I thought. But the next morning, when I went to my first class, she was waiting for me at the corner of the campus.

"Father's got the gripe," she announced. "He may be laid up for a week or more. Somebody's got to take his classes, and I seem to be the only person in town who knows enough Greek and philology to do it."

"Well, that's pretty soft for us," I said before I thought.

"Soft?" she blazed. "I can't play on both sides! I'm working for the college, now; it's my job to see that nobody gets a passing mark in philology unless he knows his stuff. I can't tutor you at night and quiz you the next morning. . . . Also," she said, "I've got to set the mid-term examination for you next week; and I've got to make it stiff. Anybody who flunks that won't play any more football this year. . . . So you'd better all chip in and hire somebody else to tutor you—one of the three or four real students in the class."

"Those birds? They'd do anything for money," I said, "except that. They all hate football, and they hate us for swarming in and cluttering up their nice little philology class. They wouldn't help us."

"Then get Russ. He's terribly busy, but—"

"Russ be damned," I said. "Hazel, I'll coach this mob myself. I know I'm pretty dumb, but I know how to talk to these fellows—" Hazel laughed.

"And you want to show off," she said.

She walked away. Naturally I felt pretty silly; I'd bitten off more than I could chew simply because I was jealous of Russ Brewington, and she knew it. I wasn't going to tell Russ about all this; but of course other people told him, and that afternoon he took me aside.

"Listen, Joe, it's sporting of you to try to take the cramming class; but you don't need to prove that you'd die for the dear old college. Let me take on the job."

"Hazel didn't ask you to do this, did she?" I demanded. He grinned, and somehow I felt about six years old.

"You don't know her very well, do you, Joe? She takes more study than Aryan philology. . . . No, she didn't ask me. But I got you boys into this mess. If you think you can teach those thick-wits enough philology to pass it—"

"You win," I told him. "Go ahead and take us over."

So he did; and we all passed Hazel's examination—a tough one it was, too—and won every game on the schedule.

WE SENIORS were through with football, but we weren't through with Aryan philology; most of us needed that semester's credit to graduate. Of course we all expected Mike McCoskey to drop out as soon as the football season was over; he'd played all the college football the rules allowed, and while he'd passed courses, and got credits, to stay on the team, it never occurred to us that he'd want to graduate from college.

But something had happened to Mike McCoskey in that philology class. One morning Professor Gregg was talking about the old original Aryan language that maybe existed, or maybe didn't, thousands of years ago; and he finished off, stroking his long beard:

"Of all living languages, the one that probably most closely resembles it is the Lithuanian."

"Lithuanian?" said Mike McCoskey. "By gosh, that's my language."

"What?" said old Gregg. "McCoskey is not a Lithuanian name."

"It was Mikaskas back in the old country; but when my old man got his first job over here they couldn't understand him, so they put him down McCoskey. . . . And we Lithuanians have got the oldest language! What do you guys think of that?" Mike demanded belligerently.

Languages had always been easy for Mike; and now he suddenly began to study, as if for the first time in his life he saw some point in it. Every day we could see him getting farther ahead of us; but I didn't realize what was happening till we came back after the Christmas holidays, and Hazel told me that she was giving up the cramming class. If we expected to pass the mid-year examinations and get our credits, we'd have to do it under our own power. That was a blow.

"Well, I guess we can do it," I told her. "I can, anyway." (Stout fellow, I was, when she was around.) "And maybe," I suggested, "you will have some evenings free for dates from now on."

"Not many. My evenings are spoken for. I'm tutoring Mike McCoskey in Greek and Latin!"

"Mike McCoskey?" I exploded. "For Pete's sake, what for?"

"Because," she said, "it looks as if he might be worth it."

BUT once in a while I got an evening with her that winter, and so did Russ. I took her to a dance in February, Russ took her to one in March; and then we waited, stewing with jealousy, for the Bachelor Girls' Ball just after Easter. The girls of our college town gave that ball every year, each one asking the man she liked best; an invitation wasn't quite an announcement of an engagement, but it was a pretty strong hint. So Russ and I waited, and Hazel invited Mike McCoskey!

So the spring went on, and the dread hour approached when we seniors would have to go to work. Russ was going into his father's bank in Capital City and I had my job in the real-estate office—only eighteen a week, but with the five thousand my father had left me I expected to swing some deals of my own and get rich in no time. Mike said he didn't know yet what he was going to do; but we got some light on that at the last session of the philology class just before commencement week, when old Professor Gregg took off his spectacles and made us a speech.

Sometimes, he said, a teacher felt that his was a thankless task, making students learn things they'd forget as soon as they graduated; but something that had happened in this class, this year, made it worth while. To discover a scholar who could absorb the learning of his day, who would go on to make his own contribution to human knowledge—it was a privilege to do anything one could for such a superior person. . . .

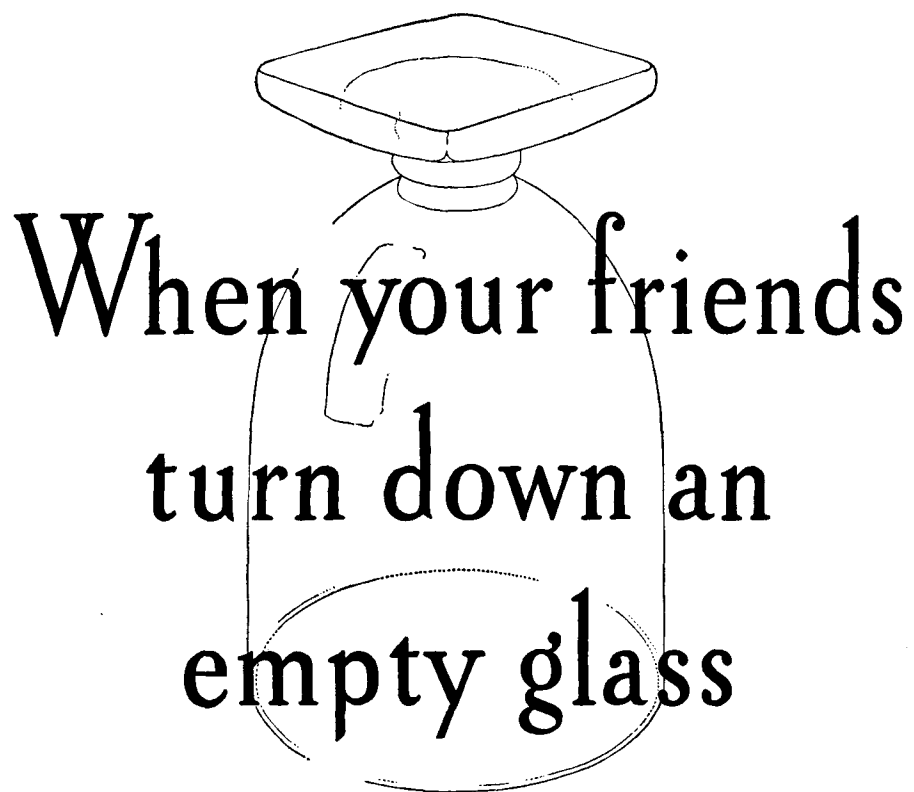
Yes, he was talking about Mike McCoskey, that big Lithuanian that we'd dug out of a coal mine to play football. Apparently Mike was going to get some more education and then be a professor of philology; and old Gregg talked as if our college would be remembered, five hundred years from now, only as the place where the great scholar McCoskey got his bachelor's degree. You could have knocked me over with a feather. . . .

But I was still thinking about that a









BY DANIEL STARK\*

*Counselor on life insurance problems*

**Y**OU HAVE felt it, too—the tense moment of silence when men meet and turn down an empty glass at the place that is vacant. “Our friend is gone . . . forever.” The gesture says it with deeper feeling of regard than words could possibly express.

Men have said to me in confidence: “Dan, I know that some day an empty glass will be turned down for me. I wish I could be sure that when that day comes my wife will have enough to carry on with, enough to let her bring up the children as we have planned and have a secure, happy life herself.”

Of course these men have known that with life insurance they could leave a sum of money for their families. But they’ve realized how that alone couldn’t take the place of a monthly income sufficient to support their wives and growing children.

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\* Daniel Stark’s radio talks are heard on the popular “Roses and Drums” program every Sunday at 5 P.M., Eastern Time, N.B.C. Blue Network

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(Continued from page 37)

body. But halfway across the campus I heard somebody calling me, and looked back—

It was Hazel.

“Well!” she said. “I take it that you expect to do pretty well in the real estate business, Joe.”

“Why, yes; I hope to. But what do you mean?”

“Well—” she said, still smiling. “Anybody who can give five thousand dollars for a graduate fellowship, when five thousand is all he’s got—”

“Who told you?” I demanded, hot and flustered. “The president? He promised me he wouldn’t.”

“He didn’t; but he told Father it was a very recent alumnus. I thought of Russ—he’s got so much money; but somehow I couldn’t see him giving any of it away. And then I remembered that you had five thousand—just that and no more. And you—you’re just the sort of goofy idiot who’d do a thing like this.” (So she thought I was showing off again!)

“I won’t need it,” I told her rather sourly. “I—I thought I would once; but a man alone can live on eighteen dollars a week.”

“Still, you could have used five thousand. So why—”

“You know why! You couldn’t sit around five or ten years waiting for Mike McCoskey.”

“No, I probably couldn’t. I might have taken somebody else eventually, Joe, as second choice. Maybe even you.”

“Not me,” I told her. “I’m nobody much, but this is one place where I’d have to be first choice or nothing. . . . No, if you want Mike—”

“You’d give up all the money you’ve got to make me happy? I ought to be very, very grateful, Joe.”

**S**HE didn’t sound as grateful as you might have expected; still, this was my chance to make a good exit, with applause. But I looked at her, and knew I couldn’t show off before her any more.

“It wasn’t just for you, Hazel. . . . Something your father said the other day, about what a privilege it was to discover a superior person like Mike—What business have fellows like me got in college? We don’t even know what it’s all about. And fellows like Russ—he’d be a superior person even if colleges had never been invented. But when you dig up a rough diamond like Mike, and all he needs to polish himself off is a little more money—It seems to me he’s got a better right to that five thousand than I have. He’s worth it. . . . So it wasn’t just for you. Partly for you—mostly, if you like. But not all.”

“I’m glad of that,” she said. “Because I’m not cashing in on it.”

“What? You mean you’re not going to marry him? . . . Why not?”

“Thickwit! Do I have to tell you why? . . . Because I’m going to marry somebody else. You, if you want to know.”

I simply couldn’t take that in, for a moment. My mind works slowly, and when I had it all set for something else—

“But,” I said, “when I’ve done things that—that put you off me—”

“Was I off you? Well, I’m back on now. On to stay.”

“But you told me yourself, the other day, that you’re not crazy about anybody—”

“Did I say that? Well, I was wrong. . . . Oh, my dear!” she said. “I’ve been a dreadful fool. Five thousand is a lot of money, but I hope I can make you feel that I’m worth it.”

“You really mean this, Hazel? . . . I start at eighteen a week,” I reminded her, “but I’ll get a raise before long—”

“A professor’s daughter is used to

economy. You just see if two of us can’t live on eighteen a week. . . . Joe!” she said. “Just about this very spot you kissed me, one night last fall.”

“And now it’s broad daylight,” I groaned, “and about two hundred people in sight.”

“So if you kiss me now,” she said, “it will save us the trouble of announcing the engagement.”

**W**ELL, that was years ago. They’d never let a fellow like me get through college now, and I don’t blame them. My children will make the grade all right; but they get their brains from their mother.

At that, I got a lot out of college. Friendships—with people like Professor McCoskey, for instance, head of the philology department at the university; and Russ Brewington, president of the biggest bank here in Capital City. . . . Not that Russ ever lets friendship run away with him. I remember a couple of years ago, when the real estate business was scraping bottom, I had to have five thousand dollars—quick, or I’d fold up next day. I went to Russ, of course; I owed his bank so much already that I figured he’d have to let me have five thousand more to save his investment. But did he? Not Russ.

“If I had it personally, Joe,” he said, “you could have it. But every cent I’ve got has gone into keeping this bank solvent. And why is it solvent? Because I don’t throw good money after bad—yes, and because I won’t be a good fellow when old friends like you come in here and ask me to save them. I’d like to save you—and Hazel; but I can’t. Call me a cold-hearted Shylock, but my job is to save the depositors.”

I guess he was right; and maybe we’d have been better off if more bankers had felt that way back in the twenties. Still, I couldn’t take that news back to Hazel—not just yet. So I went back to my office, and pretty soon I got a phone call. Old Mike McCoskey; he was passing through town on his way back from some learned convention in Chicago. He’d stopped in at the bank to see Russ, and now he wanted to drop in on me. I didn’t feel much like talking to anybody; but I couldn’t say no to old Mike, so I told him to come along. He came in, and shook hands with me—and I felt something he’d left in my palm. A piece of paper. A check for five thousand dollars.

“Don’t kid me,” I said. “No professor ever had that much money.”

“Don’t kid yourself, Joe. We professors are the plutocrats, in this year of 1932. Your respected father-in-law, Professor Gregg, told us once that there was no money in philology—but I get twelve thousand a year and I’ve never had a salary cut. If you think I can’t afford to pay back the man—and the woman—who gave me my education—”

“Who told you that?” I asked him.

(I knew it wasn’t Hazel.)

“Why, Joe, I figured it out myself—years ago. I didn’t see any particular need to pay you back in the twenties, when you were a millionaire; but when Russ told me this afternoon that you were in a jam—You remember something old Gregg said to us in the last session of that philology class? It’s a privilege to do what you can for a superior person.”

When I went home to Hazel I told her everything he had said—that last line, especially.

“So that’s one more thing I owe you,” I admitted. “Hazel, if there’s anything I’ve got that I don’t owe you—”

“Sap!” she said. “You don’t even know what Mike’s talking about.”

And she wouldn’t tell me what she meant. Lots of times I can’t figure out what Hazel means; being married to her is no snap course. But it’s worth it.



## A Lady Who Tells Her Age

Continued from page 19

mostly not paid for, and on the south side are the modest houses, mostly paid for. Muzzy could live in one of the private pool estates, if she so desired, as she happens to own one over on the rich side of the railroad. She did live there a spell, but it was far too large for her and Lillian, so she rents it to an upcoming young movie star, who needs a large joint for the looks of it.

Always out in front of her present home stands the royal blue limousine that Lillian drives, and the other day, fearful lest Lillian might run shy of cars, Muzzy gave her a small, nervous coupé, for her very own birthday gift. They have been inseparable for twenty-six years, these two, Muzzy and Lillian. The latter was at one time a school-teacher in Pennsylvania, lost her husband, lost her job and then met Miss Robson, who needed a secretary.

### A Business Double

At first, she was afraid Miss Harmer couldn't stand the wear and tear of one-night stands, but Lillian said she thought she could, and took the job, as Muzzy never knows where her money is and keeps losing her small possessions. For ten years Lillian guided and guarded the star, took over all the petty duties and details, handed Muzzy ten dollars at intervals.

In Des Moines, on a rainy night, one of the minor actresses fell ill and May announced to Lillian: "You'll have to go on and play the part," whereat Lillian fainted from fright and had the doctor.

When she recovered, they shoved her out on the stage and she didn't die, so from that day to this she has been playing small parts and is in the movies herself, doing nicely. Further, she is now a strong and rugged woman, whereas once she was a bit on the delicate side.

Muzzy's movie career began only recently and she stirred the people with her Frau Laucher, the fulminating old cigar-smoking dowager of Reunion in Vienna. That cigar made her pretty ill, too, but Muzzy is a Spartan and would smoke garlic if she had to. She has bobbed up in such pictures as Letty Lynton, The Red-Headed Woman, Strange Interlude, Dinner at Eight, The White Sister, Beauty for Sale and You Can't Have Everything. However, all these celluloid ventures were more or less warm-up gallops for what was coming—Lady For a Day, wherein she played Apple Annie and wowed the public, the critics and the movie moguls. After that, it was obvious that Muzzy would be in the movies as long as she listed.

While it is true that Muzzy arrived only recently in the movies, she has a little record of her own, for she made a movie when there were no studios in Hollywood, no stars, no directors, no gaudy palaces of the film. That was back in 1898, when the industry was just a gleam in somebody's eye. The Vitascope Company made a series of Brooklyn moving pictures and May Robson was the sole actress therein, only they did not run the result on the screen, for there was no screen. You flipped it with your thumb, using a little pad, and it was quite snappy. Last year Muzzy missed the Academy Award—that's the local championship—by only a few votes, and this year she will probably walk in.

Lillian's charge has traveled just one million miles on railroad trains since 1883 and doesn't care if she never sees

another engine. During the long hop, she has never had an off-season, voluntary or otherwise. She has never had a failure on the road. Her best and most successful play was The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, in which she starred, off and on, for ten years. From 1907 to 1910, Miss Robson played Aunt Mary unceasingly and it was in this stretch that she set up the awesome record of 48 one-night stands—a new bed each night and some not so hot.

Muzzy May's first appearance in any play was in the fall of 1883, and the vehicle was called The Hoop of Gold, meaning the good old wedding ring, where the villain asks the persecuted female, "What will save you now?" and she replies: "This little hoop of gold."

There was a pretty-girl rôle in The Hoop, and as Robson was a definitely pretty girl, she played the part, and then asked the management if they wouldn't permit her to play the dirty-faced slavey girl. They gave reluctant consent and Miss Robson had two scene-calls the very first crack. Nowadays we do not have scene-calls, but in that musty era, if you were extremely good and the audience so indicated, you stopped acting in the middle of a sentence and took your bow . . . The slavey decided it for Muzzy—always to play ugly ducklings and let the other pretty women play the pretty women; and here she is, in 1935, still knocking out home runs, while the pretty-gal players of long ago are gone where the woodbine twineth.

Her favorite American city is Omaha, which ought to excite Omaha, as hardly anybody else uses it as favorite; her second preferred town is Kalamazoo and then comes Wallace, Idaho.

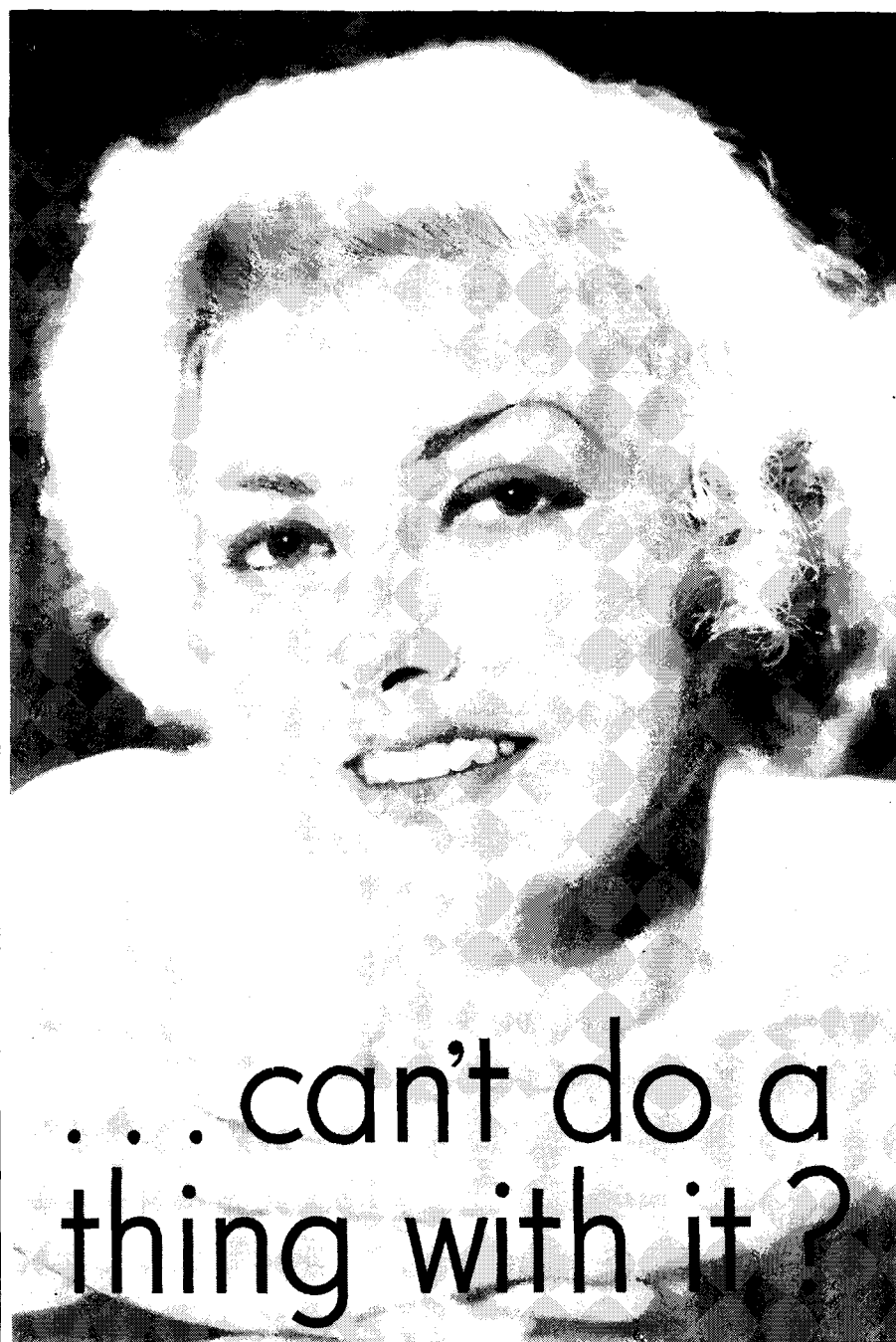
### It's a Threat

She loves Omaha, for that was always her especial town during Thanksgiving week. Other stars played there, to be sure, but only for two or three days. Muzzy May filled the theater for the entire week. The town declared a sort of holiday. Shop girls saved their money. Clubs gathered their members together and were right royal about it; and no other company was permitted to have the theater.

It was in Omaha that the wearied and worn chambermaid poured out her troubles to May. . . . She had too many beds to make. "If they give me one more bed, I quit and go on the stage," she threatened.

She was born in Melbourne, Australia, her father being Captain Henry Robison of the British Navy. In later years out came the "i." . . . She was the youngest of four children, learned to swim at St. Kilda's beach, went to London with her mother after her father's death, entered a convent, and when school days were over, she married E. H. Gore, a young inventor.

They came to America, where he died. Later, she married Dr. A. H. Brown, Harvard medical student, who became police surgeon in New York. He died eleven years ago. His work tied him to the hospital. Whenever his wife returned from a road tour, it was their custom to pretend they were being married, elope, skip out and disappear from friends and relatives. E. H. Gore, Jr., Muzzy's son, now lives in the Robson home in New York, along with Miss Robson's grandson, Robson Gore, and the new baby. Muzzy claims to be the only great-grandmother in the movies—"At least," she says, "the only one who will admit it."



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## Woman of the Family

Continued from page 18

"You like money?" he asked, bending over her.

"Of course."

"This life appeals to you, Miss Langham?"

"Very much."

"Miss Langham, you could adapt yourself to this life beautifully, I think. Have you ever thought of working on the Continent?"

Travel!

"The end of the season here," he suggested, "means the beginning of a season somewhere else. I have interests in other clubs and restaurants abroad. We must talk, Miss Langham. Shall we talk?"

"Thank you," she answered, still achieving a casual voice, "I'd love to."

He watched his room filling up.

"This is a success," he said in a quiet, fat voice. He went away; and Mrs. Louise Poinsetter, entering alone, came straight to Eve's table and sat down.

"She's wonderful," Eve thought to herself of the other woman, and she remembered seeing her with Jonathan Horne at Ciro's the day before.

**O**BVIOUSLY, Mrs. Poinsetter had delighted even him. Her intelligent eyes, her intellectual face, her faultless clothes, her pleasing manners—what man could resist them?

Mrs. Poinsetter unbent; she was entirely sweet and charming and, while at Eve Langham's table she was waiting for her party, she led their conversation into channels so diverse that one wondered how, so smoothly, she accomplished it. Somehow, in a few minutes, Eve knew that she was a New Yorker—but Virginian born; that she was a globe trotter and—though this effect was not particularly desired by Mrs. Poinsetter—that she was a woman of great experience of the world.

The rich woman had a special errand to that table.

"You know, my dear—" quite easily, after the first few minutes, the Regalia's hostess became "my dear"—"you know, there is a perfectly charming lad who wants to meet you, and I have promised him that he shall tonight. I am not at all greedy over my young men! I want him to bring a lovely party on gala night, because I have already filled up my table, but there are about a dozen more darling people that I would like, and I am sure he'd bring them if he were encouraged; they're all such friends of his." She reeled off names that opened Eve's eyes wide.

"Some of my own friends are so anxious to meet So-and-so, and So-and-so, and I wanted this dear boy to bring that party, and then we could mix. I'm sure he will do it for you, if not for me." "And I am sure you could make anyone do anything," Eve said, "but anyway it sounds like part of my job, doesn't it?"

"That is what I thought, my dear, and you're so perfectly sweet that I'd like to help you; and I can tell you it would be a great feather in your cap if I brought this doting boy along to you, and you made him promise to throw that party just as if it were all because of you. I would love to help you a little," said Mrs. Poinsetter. "You look so frail and sweet."

And then she said: "And I want to talk to you alone too. One day we'll arrange it, eh?"

"How wonderful of you!"

"No," said the *elegante* slowly, "not wonderful, my dear. Not wonderful at all. And don't mention our—little friendship—to Fero."

"F-f-friendship, Mrs. Poinsetter? Oh... you are wonderful..."

"No, my dear. No. A short friendship. The shorter the better. My friendships are all short."

Enigma!

But there was no time now to solve it.

Again an evening of jumbled emotions and impressions. That doting boy—who turned out to be the fresh young guardsman seen with Louise Poinsetter here before. The inevitable two Rich Fellows with their variety of friends.

People came crowding in. People were waiting for tables, and here and there among those who liked to think themselves special initiates of the gay life, one caught the rumor of the secret about the prospective cabaret show.

It was the kind of secret that thrives on being whispered.

Fero was everywhere.

Tonetti led his men divinely, and even little Hopton lost something of that puzzled, worried look with which he had been wont to regard his patrons, and could smile as if he were growing satisfied.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!... And Lennie had not yet appeared. Undercurrent ran in Eve's thoughts all the time: "I must get hold of Lennie tonight."

And Jonathan Horne came in, and went straight to Louise Poinsetter.

Eve was still dancing with the guardsman, and her heart jumped. "I'm jealous!" she thought, with her passion for "tabulating things"; and was shocked. Horne was cold, hard, casual, a man with a contempt for women; a man of experience, just as Louise Poinsetter was a woman of experience; a man who was beyond caring for the beautiful things of life, excepting so far as they ministered to his pleasure; a man who could be cruel and arrogant—and yet her heart ached in her breast.

**S**HE told her partner to stop dancing. He was indeed a "doting boy"; absurdly, delightfully impressionable and amenable to feminine influence. His look into her face was one of simple adoration. He would not relinquish her arm as she pressed him towards that gay table where the American ruled like a queen. His hand in her arm, she stood close to Jonathan Horne.

He rose with a little bow.

Eve said lightly: "Captain Horne, we want to ask you if you're coming on gala night. There are going to be some marvelous parties."

"On gala night," Horne answered, smiling into her face, "I shall be here."

"A promise?"

Her heart would not be still.

"A promise," he bowed.

"You will have all London here," said her admiring partner as they danced away again. "Every man in London will follow you."

Light reply came easily to her lips, while her mind fretted itself around that table where Jonathan Horne sat talking with Louise.

There were not many people on the floor, and the doting boy danced excellently.

Tonetti suddenly swung his men into a Strauss waltz, and they changed their steps.

"I am practically giving an exhibition with you," breathed the doting boy, very pleased.

"You dance divinely," she said.

"And you. I am lucky."

She knew that ice-gray eyes followed

them, and she knew something else—that Horne did not want to look; that he would have liked to turn his eyes away and could not. It was a very tiny triumph—that; but it swept the pain out of her heart. She let herself be entirely happy.

As she turned, facing the entrance, she saw, coming down the three very wide, very shallow steps from the high doorway, two familiar figures—a man and a girl.

Sir Edgar Marter, his hand under Sophia's elbow, led her into the room. Sophia in the sapphire-blue gown!

And just for a moment, while she must dance on without a break of rhythm, Eve saw those two see her and halt, staring. She knew, all too well, what would be the separate reasons for their confusion.

**A**ND then they went to their table, for which Sir Edgar had telephoned two hours ago, and sat down.

His name had won him that table when ordinary application would have been necessarily refused. He had telephoned himself; he wasn't a member, but he wanted to come to the club of which he had heard so much, with a view to joining.

From Marter's point of view the Regalia would suit him. It wasn't one of his haunts. He was unlikely to see his cronies. Its name recurred to him as having been mentioned by someone—who was it? Now, as he seated himself at the table he remembered that he had heard the words "Regalia Club" from Eve herself.

It had been a choice partly haphazard, partly suggested by prudence; but here was a pretty kettle of fish! He found it awkward, and, what was more, he found it infuriating to see that red-haired beauty, who so lately had taken his letters every morning and obeyed his commands all day, queening it here.

It prevented his full appreciation of what should have been a happy circumstance—this finding himself here—on the whole unexpectedly—with the softest, the sweetest, the gayest, the most generous of all the blondes who had hitherto delighted him.

Sophia had come into his office late this morning—only this morning—applying for the job of secretary. He had seemed to recall her face but could not place it. What was her name? Ward? Sophia Ward? Abilities?—oh, but he wasn't going to press for such high abilities with a face and figure like that before him!

"I hadn't yet advertised the post, or apprised an agency," he had said, endeavoring to keep a slight pomposity in his tone. "How did you hear of it?"

"Through a friend."

And still he had not placed her exactly from that brief glimpse he had had of her in the corridor of his offices, hurrying out behind her sister, to lunch.

Sophia saw that he did not remember her. Indeed, it would have been too embarrassing if he had guessed her relationship to Eve.

She was full of astonishment at seeing her sister here at the Regalia Club. For that was a piece of information that Lennie had not given her. "It was too bad of Lennie not to tell me," she thought. "Of course, he counted on me not coming here."

In a little guileless voice, looking up at Marter with those brown eyes which, he had thought, directly he saw them, were so much more attractive with her golden hair than blue ones would be,

(Continued on page 42)





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## Woman of the Family

*Continued from page 40*

she asked: "Have you seen anyone you know here, Sir Edgar? You looked almost as if you'd seen a ghost!"

And she waited, with hidden anxiety, for the answer.

She slipped her small hand childishly into his fist, which lay curled loosely on the table in a sort of flabby way, like the fist of a very disconcerted man. By nature she knew the full value of that little touch.

He hesitated for a moment, weighing in his mind the chances of Eve's acknowledging him. "But if I don't acknowledge her," he thought, "she surely won't have the nerve!" And still he had not connected Sophia with that girl glimpsed hurriedly a few days ago—he could hardly remember when or how. He turned to smile at her:

"No, dear," he said. "No. I was just thinking for a moment. Forgive me, I have a hell of a lot to think about, you know. I am a pretty busy man. And now, you must help me choose a perfectly wonderful dinner."

**W**HILE they were eating a perfectly wonderful dinner; while Eve passed by their table in the arms of this man or that, neither acknowledging them nor being acknowledged, at last Lennie came in.

Lennie was difficult to catch tonight. He made himself useful to his old Ruritanian princess and to couples in which the male half was a non-dancer who did not mind relinquishing his lady to this sort of semi-professional fellow.

As semi-professional fellow he was bowing presently before Sir Edgar and Sophia.

His eyes were grave, his manner perfect. He might never have seen the sweet blond girl before. He addressed himself to Sir Edgar:

"Would the lady care to dance, sir?"

And Sophia was grave too. She was noncommittal. She glanced first at her host's face for permission.

"Go along, dear," Marter enjoined her, smiling ruefully.

So Sophia was in Lennie's arms.

"Oh, Lennie darling, isn't this fun?"

"You be careful, madam; you be careful," he whispered, and roused her to greater mischief and delight.

"He won't guess," she giggled. "He's just the sweetest old darling in London."

"Sure that is only what he is?"

"Oh, sure," said Sophia, giggling. "He will handle just as easily as a baby in arms."

"Well; not your arms, mind you! Did you have any luck with Marter?"

"I've got Eve's old job."

"Cute kid! Think you can do it?"

"I am out of practice. I only had six months at that bureau which trained Eve, you know, before Mother and I made her let me take up dancing; but Sir Edgar sees that I am quick and adaptable. He said he thought I would soon pick up again to his standard." She pretended demureness.

"You've got the three pounds ten just the same?"

"M-m. Of course. I said I had heard that was what he paid. 'Of course,' he said, 'to someone competent, young lady.' So I said: 'Please try me.' We got on terribly well; he is such an old lamb. . . ."

"Old ram!"

She was all giggles: "Well, of course Eve is so all-or-nothing, isn't she, Lennie? But there is such a thing as compromise, isn't there?"

"Eve's as stubborn as the devil." And he asked: "Any jobs going for me with

Marter, do you think, sweetheart?" "I haven't had time to sound him, Lennie, but I will," she answered devotedly.

"How did you make him bring you here after your first day?"

"Oh, Lennie, it just happened; he talked and I talked, and he's the silliest old dear! I said it was my birthday. He said, 'I've heard that one before.' But here we are!"

"It will be fun going home to your people's place together tonight, Sophia, won't it? I telephoned to your mother that I should bring you back after you telephoned me that you were going out, and we could meet later. She thinks we are out together."

"Lennie, who is Eve with here?"

"Well, since you've got to know now," he said, "she's hostess, and"—grandly—"I got her the job."

"You? Oh, my darling!"

"I've influence," he said, grandly again.

"Oh, Lennie, you should have got me a job like this."

"One day, perhaps."

The idea struck him favorably again. As matters had turned out, and considering the sudden complete change of his feelings towards Eve—her fault entirely—it wouldn't be half bad if Sophia were hostess here. Of course, Eve was a tremendous success; her personality won all along the line, and the odds were now that Fero wouldn't let her go. Could they possibly be made to agree that a second hostess would be useful? His agile brain began arguing the pros and cons.

"You could have knocked me down with that old feather they talk about," he said, "when I saw you and Marter here. You telephoned that you would meet me at the Piccadilly tube at midnight, but you didn't say where you were going."

"He said this was a place that had been mentioned to him, and I might like it."

Lennie answered: "And it's a place I come to pretty nearly every night."

"Oh, Lennie!" If his stock could rise higher with her, it rose at that. He nodded:

"Free food, all the dancing I want; in with the best people."

"Eve will cut up rough about it."

"Let her."

She pressed closer to him. They clung as one.

"You don't love Eve any more, Lennie?"

"Could I?" he whispered back.

**O**LD Marter was staring at them. From the corner of his eye Lennie saw this, while he kept his own deportment of the utmost correctness.

"We'd better not have the encore," he murmured. "Doesn't he dance at all?"

She whispered back: "He's nervous."

"Get him out on the floor; make him enjoy himself; don't let him think it's all giving and no getting."

"Yes, dear."

He relinquished her at her table, behind which Marter rose ponderously to receive her, and with a formal bow he turned away.

"Enjoy that, dear? Not a bad fellow, I expect, though I never see much to admire in these dancing men."

"I want to dance with you, Sir Edgar."

"Do you really?" he cried. "Really now, do you? Well, there's the encore."

So he grasped her hand and trotted determinedly out upon the dance floor.

*(To be continued next week)*



## Sinners in Dixie

Continued from page 16

Mamma therefore can polish the rail and become confidential with the bartender as freely as Papa can; and, by the same token, because Youth must be served, so can the children. That's a lovely arrangement; it accommodates the whole family.

We moved along. At high speed we dashed past the huge tabernacle recently erected by Aimee Semple McPherson for the dissemination of the Four Square Gospel to the people of Little Rock, and then a few miles beyond that we came to a halt in front of another large building, erected, as I soon found out, for the dissemination to the same congregation of something totally different. The tabernacle had been dark and gloomy, but this place wasn't. A liveried Negro opened the car door for us, another took charge of the car itself, while yet another led us to an entrance where a burly doorman demanded tickets.

### Nobody Cared; Nothing Happened

We didn't have any but we didn't need them. The mere mention of my young guide's name was enough to open the portals and so in we went. It was a lovely place—about as lovely as you'll find anywhere. A long bar, a good orchestra, a fine dancing floor with lots of pretty girls sliding around on it, a terraced garden wherein were many tables whereon were many bottles, a swimming pool, and. . .

But what was that? As I stood at the bar, having one on the house with the two genial proprietors, I heard a sound—a familiar one, and yet one that I hadn't heard for years. I listened; I heard it again; it was a whirring noise; with it I heard the shrill laugh of a woman.

The roulette wheel was upstairs. When I got there the girl who had laughed was still laughing. She had won again and was quite happy. So also were a couple of other young ladies who, for the moment, were having a nice run of luck at the craps table. The whole spectacle was very amusing. Girls gambling! And in a public gambling house in Arkansas! I could hardly believe it but there it was.

When we left this beautiful resort, where the tony folks of Arkansas' capital forgather nightly to elevate their spirits, buck the tiger and shake the kinks out of their legs, my guide and I went on a round of other places dedicated to the same class of wickedness but run in the interests of a totally different class of people. These places, of course, could by no stretch of the imagination be termed "lovely," but they satisfy. That's all that's necessary. In other words, at prices calculated to suit their pocketbooks, the meek and lowly followers of Mrs. Caraway, in complete fulfillment of her campaign pledge of equal opportunity for all, can now indulge in the same frivolities as the rich and haughty followers of Joe Robinson.

None of this will be news to Little Rock. For a long time its citizens have known just exactly how bad they are. In September, 1933, their own Grand Jury told them all about their open saloons, wherein their children bought whisky by the drink, and also all about their open gambling houses, wherein the boys and girls lost their money at craps and roulette, but, as nobody cared, nothing happened. The following February another Grand Jury turned in another report describing conditions as deplorable and stating that there could be no

excuse for such flagrant violation of the law, and again nothing happened.

Last August was election time, and consequently on the 14th, after the Arkansas Gazette in its issue of the 12th had printed pictures of four of the sinful resorts that I have mentioned, and had appealed to the voters to destroy them by voting against a county administration which had continuously winked at their existence, the thoroughly aroused people at last expressed themselves. Fearful, perhaps, that something might happen to their New Freedom, they flocked to the polls and by a vote of almost three to one defeated the reformers.

Hot Springs is in but not of Arkansas. As a health resort, with a permanent population of only 25,000 wide-awake citizens, it is equipped with facilities in the way of ornate bath-houses and huge hotels capable of caring for a half million sufferers who annually journey in from other states to get rid of their rheumatism and other ailments. But as the town is also equipped with facilities in the way of fine gambling houses and fancy saloons wherein the health seekers can get rid of their money, to say nothing of the fact that it also supports an efficient divorce mill whereby husbands and wives can conveniently get rid of each other, the place is by no means dull and gloomy.

So much for Arkansas. And now, on to Memphis!

What a man needs in Memphis, as I soon discovered, is not a guide to sin but a guard against guides. These are plentiful and also plentifully good-looking. They offer their services on the street, speak to you in hotel lobbies, call you by telephone, smile alluringly at you through their own front windows, and coo invitingly to you from automobiles parked—with police consent, I assume—along the curbs. Yes, the envious citizen of Little Rock was correct. In comparison with his little town, where a stranger can view sin as a thing apart, Memphis, where it is thrust upon one as a commodity, is actually tough.

### It Rained Bouncers

But Memphis has to be tough. In that town toughness is a necessity because it is upon commercialized vice that the burden of paying its overhead has been placed by Congressman Crump's political organization, which runs Shelby County. Believe it or not, that's a fact. Professional sinners, therefore—that is, men and women who run gambling houses, dance halls, blind pigs, policy rackets, houses of ill-fame and all that sort of thing—being cash assets for professional politicians, are not only encouraged to operate but are actually instructed to go ahead and provide everybody, both visitors and home folks, with as much wide-open wickedness as possible.

Thus no stranger within the gates of Memphis need worry about how to spend either his time or his money. Neither is any doorkeeper stationed at any of its portals of sin going to ask him for credentials. All, for example, that I needed to get in with when I visited "The Barn" was forty cents for a cover charge. This, I would say, is getting the price of night-club entertainment down within the reach of all, and as it was Saturday night they were all there. Furthermore, if it is possible to get that way on a combination of coke and corn, which is what they were

(Continued on page 44)

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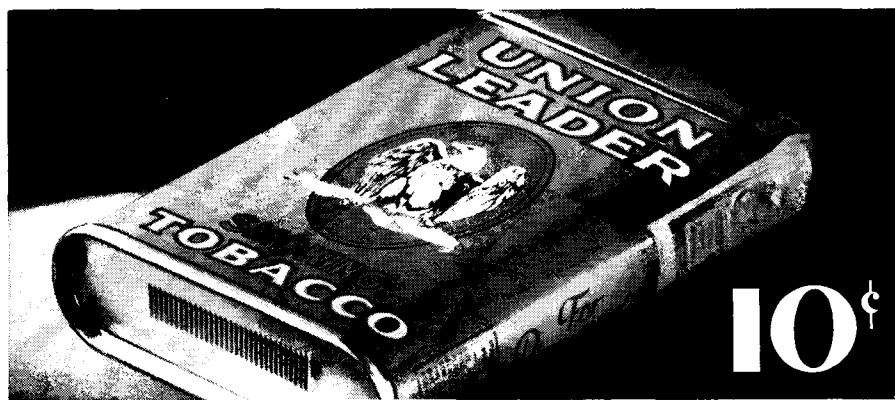
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# UNION LEADER



## THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



(Continued from page 43)

all imbibing with great earnestness, they were all happy. Some were too happy. At the table next to mine, for instance, at which were two girls, two men and four bottles of Tennessee ton-sil liniment, one of the men, whose general construction seemed to mark him as a lumberman from the hardwood forests, suddenly arose and for no apparent reason at all popped the other fellow a mighty wallop on the nose.

Instantly the air in our vicinity was full of bouncers. I never saw so many or such big ones, or any who were any more convincing. Within sixty seconds they had done their duty and it was all over. The man who had started the ruckus was already on his way to the hospital; the other fellow, with a towel to his damaged nose, was already demanding of his girl friend that she pour him another drink, while the other girl was already trying to hook another man to take the place of her evicted partner.

### A Privilege to Kick In

After this, which had been real entertainment typical of the time, the place and the people, I didn't care to stay and witness anything as tame and insipid as a floor show presenting some unclad girls doing a muscle dance. This would have been real anticlimax, and so, after noticing that there was a wide-open gambling room running in connection with "The Barn," and salvaging my hat from the hardest-looking check girl I ever gave a dime to, I took my departure.

Another popular method whereby the citizens of Memphis contribute to the pampered upkeep of their politicians and gamblers is for them to play policy. And do they play it! Huh! In New York City any man caught selling policy tickets goes to jail. In Memphis the jails wouldn't be big enough to hold them all. In that town at least five hundred solicitors canvass the city every day, openly peddling policy slips. And who buys them? Everybody. But why, you are probably now asking yourself, does Memphis allow this?

The answer is twofold. In the first place nobody can do anything about it because, under the New Freedom, both Youth and Old Age in the South are now giving all sumptuary laws the Bronx cheer, while in the second place, as a matter of practical politics and sound business, nobody wants to do anything about it. In the latter respect, as at least a half dozen business men explained it to me, here's the situation: Memphis (and I'm not talking about black Memphis now, but white Memphis) supports a population of about seven thousand professional sinners whose sole business it is to provide everybody with a good time. They do it; they make a nice job of it, while furthermore they also do something else constructive, which is to take away from legitimate business the entire financial burden of supporting the political ring that actually runs Memphis and Shelby County, and almost runs the entire state of Tennessee.

In Memphis this is such a well-known fact that no one denies it. If, for example, a man in that town who is running a hotel, a bank, a garage or a bakery is a supporter of the Democratic organization there are two things he never need worry about: One is service, the other contributions. So long as he votes right—which means in favor of a wide-open town—no business man in Memphis who needs the aid of the agencies of his local government ever calls upon it in vain. From the mayor of Memphis and the county judge on down, the officeholders of Shelby County are all always at the beck and call of their supporters, and yet, so I was informed,

as a reward for their services, never do they go to any man who is conducting a legitimate enterprise with the demand that he kick in with a contribution to defray campaign or organization expenses.

This last is a privilege that is reserved exclusively for law violators, and naturally provides us with a ready explanation of why they are so numerous and so active.

As for the rest of Tennessee, with the possible exception of Nashville, conditions are about the same as in Arkansas.

Down in Mississippi the most interesting characteristic of the New Freedomites is their tendency to brag. To hear them tell it they are real sinners. According to one enthusiast I met in the delta country, a Mississippian can drink harder, bet heavier, and love with more indiscriminate than any other two-legged creature in America. Maybe he can, but, even so, all that that boast does is to confirm the fact that small towns always try to be wicked than big ones. In Mississippi they seem to have succeeded. If New York City, let us say, were as tolerant of the social evil, with its allied pastimes of boozing and betting, as one small cotton town I visited, and for whose progress along the broad and gayly lighted highway of hilarity I take the word of its own citizens, nobody in the metropolis would be able to take any time out for work.

However, taking all of the foregoing together, what does it amount to? Are the people whose antics we have been observing any worse or any better than the people in the same communities were before the arrival of the New Freedom? I will reply to that question in the words of a Southern minister.

This minister is quite eminent. He has been preaching to one of the largest Episcopalian congregations in the South for a long time. He has devoted quite a good deal of his time to studying sin; consequently he should be an expert on it, and he says:

### They Make Their Own Choice

"There is no moral decline in the South. On the contrary, the people here are more moral than they used to be. I admit that drinking, gambling and sex indulgence are more prevalent now than ever before, but I look at it in this way: Where there is no choice between vice and virtue there is no real morality. Under the old order there was no choice. People had to be good, sedate and virtuous or become social outcasts. That was the ultimatum of Society, not of the Church—because the people never have been afraid of the Church—and so, having no choice, most of them were outwardly virtuous, although, as I have said, it is doubtful if they were inwardly moral.

"That unreal state of affairs," this minister went on, "has passed away. Society got tired of sorting its own sheep. It set up what is practically a single standard for men and women by telling them to travel any route they chose and that it wouldn't ostracize them if they made a mistake once in a while, and they are all better because of their freedom. They can now make their own choice; the Church helps them if they want it to, and that is why, even though a great many of our people are apparently carousing too much, there is today much more true morality in the South than there was thirty-five, twenty-five, or even five years ago."

Of course no one can be sure about it, but nevertheless it seems safe to say that this Southern minister is correct. Despite the boasts of the sinners of Dixie, it is clear that they haven't gnawed nearly as big a chunk out of the apple as they would have you believe.



## The Manager

Continued from page 15

from our haughty employee? I did not. A man manager would at least have been good sport enough to say that the dress had style.

I had just about made up my mind to ask for leave and go to the West Coast for a show-down when I got a telegram from Miss Simmons:

CHAIN DRESS SHOP CONCERN OFFERS FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR RIGHT DRESS STOP I EARNESTLY ADVISE AGAINST SALE STOP PRICE TOO LOW AND PROSPECTIVE BUYER HAS CHEAP REPUTATION STOP HAVE NOTIFIED OTHER PARTNERS STOP PLEASE WIRE YOUR DECISION STOP  
EMILY P. SIMMONS

Since forty thousand was ten thousand more than Greg's rosiest estimate of the business' value, I naturally wired "Sell at once." There was no reply from Miss Simmons.

Next day, Greg telegraphed from Los Angeles:

HARRY AND YOU AND I ARE AGREED ON SALE THERE ARE TWO HITCHES STOP SPUD HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM AND PURCHASERS INSIST THAT OFFER INCLUDE MISS SIMMONS AS MANAGER STOP SHE REFUSES TO WORK FOR NEW OWNERS STOP WHAT SHALL I DO STOP YOU'D BETTER COME ON OUT HERE STOP  
GREG

Women in business, mates! Here we had a bang-up offer for Right Dress Inc., and Miss Simmons, because of some wild feminine vagary, was blocking the deal.

I wangled a quick leave and caught a plane for Los Angeles.

Greg met me at the Glendale airport. He looked haggard and worried.

"I can't do a thing with her, Milt," he said. "The Broaders people positively won't buy unless she signs up with them. They've even offered her a hundred a month more salary."

I let that pass. I had an idea the Old Doctor could handle Miss Simmons.

"Have you heard from Spud?" I said.

Greg nodded.

"The crazy galoot is on the Hender-

son bound for Pedro. Gets in tomorrow afternoon."

"Will he sell?"

"He radioed he'd have to think about it. Some nutty stuff about not knowing what to do with ten thousand dollars."

I felt pretty grim. I believed that Greg and I could handle Spud. It was this girl who presented the big problem.

"Is it too late to talk to her at the office?" I said.

Greg said he had made an appointment. Our employee always insisted on appointments, it seemed. I saw that Greg was badly upset. He was in debt, as usual, and he could use some money.

We drove over to Wilshire Boulevard, where Right Dress Inc. had its shop. Quite a ritzy location. Modernistic front, a doorman and everything.

Miss Simmons was in her office, sitting behind a big desk. Her eyes were a gray-green color and my heart sank. I've dealt with a few pairs of eyes like that. Cat's eyes. Heap bad medicine.

GREG introduced us, blushing like a midshipman.

Emily P. looked me up and down.

"I'm sure you are a lot nicer than your letters, Lieutenant Greer," she said.

"Milt's one of the best on earth," Greg said.

The gal smiled. She offered us cigarettes. I could see the old feminine angle like a dangerous corner.

"I'm sorry if anything I said in my letters offended you," I told her, a bit stiffly. Then:

"Greg tells me that you object to our selling the business."

Emily P. placed her elbows on the desk.

"Yes, I do, most emphatically," she said, "I think the price is a give-away."

"All four partners are satisfied with the price," I said.

She looked coyly at Greg.

"Oh, have you heard from Lieutenant Geraghty?"

"He wants to sell," I said, knowing that Greg was under the direct beams of those gray-green eyes, "so that makes it unanimous."

(Continued on page 46)

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY A CASKET

(Continued from page 45)

The girl was a scrapper. Her chin squared.

"It is your business, of course," she said, "but I don't think you quite realize what this means. The Broaders firm will change the whole tone of Right Dress. They are a pack of shysters and only want your mailing list and good will. Because of what I owe to Mrs. Dunbar's memory, I must protest against selling out to Broaders."

"We-ell, I can see that objection—" Greg said, groggy with cat's-eye magic. It didn't go down with the Old Doctor.

"Greg's mother would want him to do what is best for Greg," I said. "She would want him to be happy. And he certainly hasn't been happy trying to run a women's dress shop."

I looked sternly at Greg. "That's a good point, Milt," he said. "I haven't had a sound night's sleep for months."

Miss Emily P. Simmons grinned. "All right," she said, sweetly, "sell to Broaders. But you can't sell me to Broaders. I am resigning, as of today, if you are determined to make this deal."

I TRIED to reason with Miss Simmons. Unlike a man manager, she was infuriated by logic. She permitted emotion to sweep aside all of my arguments.

"I'm fed up," she said, and turned on the tears. "Even if you keep the shop, I'm going to quit as soon as my contract is up!"

Greg tried the old soft soap. The tears had got to him. He was on the verge of promising not to sell at all. I yanked him out of there.

Emily P. was sobbing as we left. We talked it over during dinner at the Jolly Bachelors Club in Long Beach. Greg was hopeless.

"The Broaders lawyer told me flatly they wouldn't buy without Miss Simmons," he said. "They think she's a whiz. We've underrated her, Milt."

I tried to brace him. "We'll sit tight until Spud gets here," I said. "He may have some ideas."

A messenger brought in a radiogram from Harry down in Panama. He was demanding for the ninth time, Greg said, whether we had closed the deal.

Good old Spud—the handsomest man in the Navy—breezed in the next afternoon, looking like a million dollars.

Greg and I stood the big bum to drinks and we chewed the fat about classmates and service gossip. Spud eyed us with a fishy stare.

"What is this—a wake?" he said, suddenly. "Did you sell the bustle shop for a gold brick or did it burn down or what?"

We told all. "What does she look like?" Spud said. "Very soignée, very sassy—and she's got cat's eyes," I said.

Spud laughed. "I like 'em that way," he said; "I'll date her for dinner."

Greg snorted. "Five bucks say you don't," he said. "Done," Spud said. He got up, stretched, carried his glass into the phone booth and went to work. We sat there not knowing whether to cuss him or to laugh.

Spud came out of the booth. "Five bucks, please," he said. We thought he was kidding. But he swore deep down he had the date. "Wear your uniform," I said. "Won't need it," Spud said.

Greg and I waited up in the lounge, playing bridge with Boots Malone and Jiggers Spivis.

Spud got in about one o'clock. We followed him up to his room.

"Well," I said, "I suppose you've got

her five-year contract all signed and witnessed?"

He rumbled his manly curls and stared at the floor a moment.

"Just how badly do you fellows want to sell?" he said.

Greg told him. I told him. We showed him the latest radiogram from Harry Nevins.

Spud fingered the famous Geraghty clefted chin.

"She's right, you know," he said, finally. "Nice girl. Got some idealism. There isn't a girl with idealism in all China. Fact. The last one—"

"Idealism, my Japanese uncle!" I said. "Has she gone and softened you up with some emerald tears?"

Spud only grinned.

"I'm having lunch with her tomorrow," he said. "I'll put in a little work. But you're wrong about her eyes, Milt. Tiger lily is the description. But soignée . . . yes . . . very soignée." And he turned right over and went to sleep in his clothes. Later, we learned that he had been shooting bridge on the Henderson for thirty-one hours straight.

We turned out the whole Jolly Bachelors Club next morning to get Spud up and off to his luncheon date. He said he was going to take her to the Vendome in Hollywood. Greg was hung on wires. He insisted on us going out there to check up. He said we'd accost Spud and Emily P. just accidentally. I was against it, but there was no holding Greg.

At the Vendome, Spud and Emily P. did not show.

"He's kidding us!" Greg said, "the son of a gun got my five bucks for nothing!"

We went over to the office to investigate. Spud was having lunch with Emily P. in her private office. He didn't bat an eye when we walked in.

He said: "We've been talking patriotism. I maintain that saving the Navy from the pawnbrokers is a patriotic duty."

Emily P. nodded.

"Lieutenant Geraghty is my favorite partner. He admits he doesn't know anything about women's styles or cost accounting or anything. He's a dear!"

I noticed that Emily P. was wearing the niftiest dress in stock today. Yesterday, it was just any old dress. But not today. I looked at Greg and he looked at me. We didn't like Spud's attitude.

"Have you come to a decision, Miss Simmons?" I said.

Spud looked up from a big steak and frowned.

"You fellows go in and try on some dresses," he said, "I haven't caught up with things yet."

GREG and I went back to the Jolly Bachelors, feeling low.

"I don't think he's even trying," Greg said. "It looks to me like he's holding the moon for Emily."

That was going too far.

"Spud wouldn't pick up a torch like that," I said; "he's a charter member of the Jolly Bachelors. Give the guy a little more time."

We gave him lots of time. We had to. We didn't see Spud until about two o'clock the next morning.

"Well?" I said.

Poor Greg could only stare with hopeless eyes.

Spud didn't try to take it lightly this time.

"Why do we have to sell the shop?" he said. "Emily is all squared away for a big season. The kid has something."

Greg exploded.

"She's softened you up," he said, bitterly. "You're on her side. You're in love with her!"

Spud didn't try to laugh. He was plenty sore.

"Don't be a sap, Greg," he said,

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**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**



harshly. "I don't come out of China to be bagged in this town. Or any other town. You know me better than that."

"Well, why don't you get her to sign, then?"

I did a little explaining.

"Greg is half nuts over this dress-shop thing, Spud," I said. "You were out in China and could laugh it off. But Greg feels that he got us into this jam and it's up to him to get us out. And I tell you Miss Simmons doesn't know styling. She'll bankrupt us sooner or later."

Spud looked at us a moment.

"Okay," he said, "I'll do it." Then he winced. "But it's a dirty trick. She'll take my advice because she's—well—skip it."

This time, he didn't go to sleep. He went out for a walk.

Greg and I drank two long tall ones to the next day's sale. We went to bed happy.

THE next afternoon, we got a telephone call from Emily P. She asked us to come straight out to the dress shop. Said it was extremely important.

We danced a jig, piled into a taxicab, and went to the office. Spud was there, staring out a window. Emily P. stood beside the desk. Her cheeks were hot.

"Sweet of you to come in such a hurry," she said, at once. "Perhaps I can keep my temper long enough to tell you that I am resigning. Lieutenant Geraghty has done his best, but it wasn't quite convincing enough." Tears came to her eyes as I started to say something. "Oh, don't blame Mr. Geraghty. He made love very well. It was just that I knew you had put him up to it."

"P-put him up to what?" Greg stammered.

Spud heaved to his feet. His face was red.

"Come on," he said, gruffly, "let's get out of here."

Emily P. fired the main broadside:

"How could you have thought that I would even consider marrying a naval officer? I'd never marry a naval officer if he was the last man in the world! I hate you. I hate every one of you. I hate the whole race of you. Get out. Get out!"

In the taxicab, going back to the Jolly Bachelors, Greg and I tried to brace Spud.

"You did your best," I said, "and that's all any man can do. We'll just write off our losses and forget it, pal."

And Greg said: "Without her, the business hasn't much chance, anyway. We'll close it out. But don't feel low,

Spud. We know what it must have cost you to make love to Emily P. and we appreciate it."

Spud's behavior should have been a warning.

"I didn't ask her to marry me," he growled. "I've never asked any girl to marry me. She took a whole lot for granted. Marry her? Nix. . . I was only trying to get that contract signed."

Even then, neither Greg nor I dreamed of any danger to Spud. The girl had just said she wouldn't think of marrying a naval officer. She certainly said it with plenty of conviction, too.

Spud sat there hunched down in a corner of the seat. Greg and I began to argue which of us would write the radiogram to Harry, breaking the sad news. We were still hard at it when all of a sudden Spud came to life.

He leaned forward and asked the driver to pull in to the curb.

"Where you going, Spud?" I said.

Spud gave a groan.

"I'm going back and marry her," he said.

He jumped out of the cab and hurried across the street. Greg started after him, but I pulled him back. I said we would get Emily P. on the phone and tell her Spud had suddenly gone insane and warn her not to talk to him. It was a rather vicious lie, but being a Jolly Bachelor and heaven helping me, I could do no less.

I telephoned Emily P. from a corner drug store.

"Miss Simmons," I said, "this is Lieutenant Greer speaking. Lieutenant Geraghty has suddenly had a recurrence of tropical fever. He left us saying he was going to your office. I advise you to call a policeman and have the poor fellow sent direct to the Bachelors Club, where we can take care of him."

Emily P. gasped. Then she said, "Thank you, Mr. Greer. I shall do that."

But she didn't. Instead, the next day, she wired us from Carson City, Nevada.

The message read:

I LIKE MEN WITH TROPICAL FEVER  
STOP SPUD AND I WILL BUY RIGHT DRESS  
FOR FORTY THOUSAND IF YOU WILL TRUST  
US FOR THE OTHER THIRTY-FIVE THOU-  
SAND STOP I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID  
ABOUT THE NAVY STOP LOVE STOP  
EMILY P. GERAGHTY

We accepted Emily P.'s offer as the best way out of a very sad business. But Greg and Harry and I are not yet reconciled. Every three months, Emily P. mails each Bachelors Club a brand-new catalogue. That is another trouble with women. They are vindictive.

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## A Prince with Big Ideas

Continued from page 22

border to his native Austria. Many who knew him well guessed that family estates and Viennese night life, speeding motors and sparkling champagne, would now claim him for good.

But they guessed wrong. The seed of ambition, the lust for power, had entered into young Ernst Ruediger's soul.

Returning to the great tracts of land owned by his family in Austria, he set about raising an army as the first requisite for turning his dreams into reality. On the Starhemberg estates were a great number of retainers who, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, considered unquestioning obedience to members of the great Starhemberg family the most natural thing in the world. So, when the youthful prince called upon them to submit to military training, they obeyed the summons as promptly as their ancestors had harkened to the call of Count Starhemberg, two and a half centuries before, to hold Vienna against the invading Turks.

Young Starhemberg's first private army numbered something like 800 men. Today, the formidable Heimwehr, which has grown out of those modest beginnings, is far greater in number than the regular army of little post-war Austria. The prince's soldiers now total around 100,000.

### Armies Must Eat

Financing this army, even when it was a puny force, has been a most difficult task. Young Ernst Ruediger has been forced to mortgage one family castle after another, in order to pay for its upkeep. The Viennese, always ready to joke, even when conditions are at their worst, had a good laugh a few years ago when the prince, driven almost to bankruptcy by the task of feeding and arming his private soldiery, was found to have borrowed freely from Jews, against whom—quite in the Hitler manner—he had made virulent attacks and uttered hair-raising threats. The Jewish money-lenders flaunted the prince's I O U's, the prince declared himself unable to pay up for the time being, and the cafés of Vienna rocked with delighted laughter.

It was during the serious riots of 1927 that Starhemberg's private army came into real prominence. And, ever since, its hard-boiled battalions have continued to strut in the center of the stage on which Austria's absorbing post-war drama is being played.

They threw in their lot a few years ago with the government of ill-fated Engelbert Dollfuss, though there was a great deal in their doctrines and actions which Dollfuss did not like. As a result of this alliance, Prince Starhemberg became a member of the Dollfuss cabinet—the first important step in the upward climb which may lead eventually to dictatorship over Austria. There were bitter comments, in Austria and abroad, from those who had expected Dollfuss to ally himself, not with Fascism, but with Socialism. Such a course, however, was barred to him. Already his government was flirting with Mussolini, hoping to enlist Italian aid against the growing menace of Hitler—who, meanwhile, had risen to power in neighboring Germany—and Mussolini exacted as the price of his support the crushing of the Austrian Socialists.

For this purpose he had already found a valuable lieutenant in young Prince Starhemberg. What could be more welcome to a scion of blue-blooded Austrian stock than to lose his private army against the disciples of Karl Marx, to whom noble lineage was anathema, who

saw in the haughty clan of the Starhembergs a symbol of all that was most out of place in the new democratic era which (they thought) had dawned for Austria.

So Dollfuss bowed to Mussolini. The signal was given. Starhemberg's Heimwehr, backed by regular soldiers and the police of Vienna, launched a ruthless drive, in February of last year, against the Austrian Socialists.

The latter fought desperately but in vain. Their forces were swept from the path of their stronger opponents; and when, driven behind the walls of the huge model workers' dwellings, with which years of socialistic rule had endowed Vienna, they still poured volleys of rifle-fire into the oncoming ranks of Starhemberg's men and the regular troops of Dollfuss, the government commanders brought up batteries of heavy artillery and blew one house after another to pieces.

That was the end. Sullenly the surviving defenders surrendered. The young prince, with the rest of the anti-Socialist leaders, stood victorious amid shattered walls and smoking debris and bloody corpses.

"They fought bravely," he exclaimed, in allusion to the vanquished champions of Socialism. And then, with a grimace worthy of medieval warriors of his family, he added, pointing to the Socialists who had been captured:

"They deserve to be shot instead of hanged!"

Monarchists, dreaming of a restoration of the Hapsburgs to the Austrian throne, are inclined to see in this aristocrat of ancient family a possible instrument for the attainment of their ends. Believers in the strong hand, as against democratic forms of government, might hail him as the "Iron Man" for whom Austria has looked so long. The foes of Hitler might rally instinctively around this outspoken and vigorous champion of Austrian independence.

### The Gauntlet

Since the crushing of the Austrian Socialists, young Starhemberg has been more than ever in the vanguard of those determined to keep Hitler out of his native country. He has been especially hostile to his old comrade of the Munich street fighting of 1923 since the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss last July.

At the time of the tragedy the prince was on one of his visits to Mussolini. Hurrying back to Vienna, he lost no time in ranging himself among the most uncompromising foes of Hitlerism. Standing beside the grave of Dollfuss, Starhemberg said, his voice shaken by sobs which he could not control:

"Dear friend, I come not to bid you farewell, for we feel that it is only your mortal body which has left us. Your strong, brave soul remains to strengthen us, and your spirit still animates every Austrian."

And he threw down the gauntlet to Germany's Nazi overlord in these ringing words:

"I indict Chancellor Hitler before the world as being responsible for the shedding of blood in Austria. I accuse him of complicity in the assassination, and in the acts of terrorism which have taken place in this country."

Since making those speeches, Prince Starhemberg has kept to his course—holding himself a bit in the shadows, pulling wires, making others dance to the tune piped by Mussolini and the Heimwehr. Some day his hour may strike. Stranger things have happened in distracted Europe.

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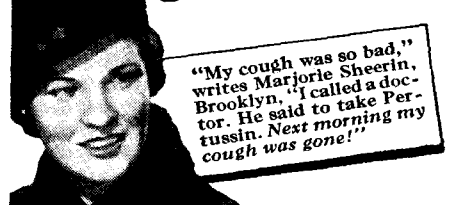
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## Any Girl Will Do

Continued from page 24

the night before. Kathie shows up at 3. "I was seeing an elephant about a trunk," she says sweetly. "Hope you ain't missed nothing."

Looking her over in the daylight, I'm not so hot about my idea like I was the night before. Kathie's got a good, clean-looking face—one of those faces that a girl gets mad at you for when you tell her it's so wholesome. But she's certainly no knockout. She's got too many freckles, for one thing, and her mouth is kind of wide. She's got a crooked sort of smile but her teeth is good, and just as I said she doesn't shape up badly on the hoof. See her in a crowd, though, and you wouldn't give her a tumble.

"Say," says Kathie, "I been figurin' this out and I can't get it. All I can see is I'm gonna lose my job with Moe Mogesky and there ain't no twenty-two-buck jobs hangin' around on bushes."

"You don't want to be peddling cigarettes in a night dive all your life," I snap. "What future is there—you can't even keep the tips. There's a million girls'd kiss my feet for a chance to walk over and get a send-in with Sammy Price like I'm doing for you—and for nothing. The best I can get is a line for the column."

"That's what I can't figure out," says she. "You ain't doin' nothin' for nobody for nothin'—I can't figure it out!"

"Maybe," I retort, "I am passionately in love with you."

"Utsnay!" she says.

SO WE walk over to the Empire Theater where Sammy Price is rehearsing his Tantrums of 1935. He's sitting out in front with Joe Koppman watching Marilyn Milton twirl around the stage. Seymour Pincer, the dance director, is tearing out his hair by the handfuls and yelling holy murder because it seems Marilyn is not putting heart and soul into her work.

"You're lousy—positively lousy!" he is yelling. "Sophie Tucker could do better—I don't expect you to use your head, God knows, but you got toes—you got arms—you got legs—and you got a contract. Do something!"

"Sammy," I says, "I got somebody for you."

"H'lo, Lemmie," he grunts. "Whose home you breaking up in tomorrow's baloney?"

I ignore him.

"Sammy," I says, "I want you to meet Kathie Gerrity, who's going into your show."

"Sez who?" sez he. "Since when did you declare yourself in? Hello, Kathie," he says, recognizing her. "What are you doing out with old Irresistible, here?"

"I dunno," she says. "He sells me a goofy idea you're gonna put me in your show."

I grab Price by the lapel and I whisper into his ear:

"Listen, you know I don't go off half-cocked about anything. I want you should come back here in a corner. I want to talk to you. I don't want no 'no' for an answer. I just want you should listen for a minute or two and then if you think I'm nuts, forget I ever opened my jaws."

Well, I got too much on Price he should refuse me and he knows it so he gets up, reluctant like, and we go over to one of the boxes and I fire away fast and convincing.

"I get this idea last night," I tell him, "and the more I think of it the more I think of it. I want you to put Kathie right in line with your other babies.

From the day after your show opens, I'm going to hammer away about nobody else in your show but Kathie Gerrity. Get me? Every good gag comes my way I'm going to put in her mouth. Every new guy with some glamour that hits Broadway I'm going to link with her. I'll have dresses named after her—and face powder. In a month she'll be the most-talked-of show-girl in town."

"You're crazy," rasps Price. "You want me to risk a quarter-million production by shoving that flannel-mouthed jane into line with the cream of the country's beauties? Do you realize how much I sweated to get these dames together? I swiped them from Hollywood. I spent a thousand bucks to get Sheila Mitchell from London. I got Miss Universe, Miss America and three Miss New Orleanses. And you want me to throw that all away and my reputation for knowing how to pick them because of some fool idea you've got!"

"Sam," I persist. "You gotta do this if it's the last thing you do. I saved you from plenty pain in the head when a line would have ruined you and you know it. I never asked anything from you before—all I want is you should put this kid in—dress her and undress her like the rest—make a fuss over her as if she was Miss Cosmos herself—and I give you my word you won't be sorry. Tell you what else—just keep her for opening night, if you want, and let her go—give her two weeks' notice before she starts working, if you want to."

We argue back and forth but finally I get a little ugly about it, knowing what I know about him, and he kind of gives in.

"It's blackmail," he growls.

"You'll thank me," I promise him.

Well, believe me, that wasn't the half of it. Some of the fancy imported beauties get temperamental right off when they find out Kathie Gerrity, a cigarette girl, is to be glorified along with them. Seymour Pincer threatens to quit.

"Why don't you bring me Polly Moran and the bearded lady?" he yells.

Morgie Pearson, who's angeling the opera, hits the ceiling, too, but I tell him off plenty and ask him what's Midgie Fulton, who's got no more talent than the traffic cop in Times Square, doing in the show as a principal with featured headlining, and he catches on very quick, believe me, although he don't know, of course, that I always make it a policy—it's my personal ethics—never to connect a married man with a dame or vice versa. He pipes down very quick after I put up my argument. Morgie Pearson has got plenty of wampum on account of his father left it to him, but Broadway knows what kind of a guy he is. The shoemakers have a word for it!

PANGIE and I drop in to see some of the rehearsals and I've got to admit that, compared to those other honeys, Kathie is nothing to set any susceptible heart afire except that I will say her pins are just as fancy in the right places as any of her classmates, and she don't stoop over when she stands up, if you get what I mean.

Of course Pangie is giving me plenty of his Harvard sneers about the whole thing, but I know he's burned up because he doesn't think of a stunt like that, and when the show opens up and Kathie becomes the talk of the town and I am getting all the credit for it, the chances are he'll be ready to throw himself off Pier 14.

Meantime, I don't drop even a hint in

(Continued on page 50)

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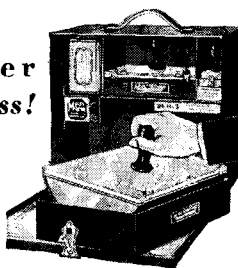
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(Continued from page 49)

my column because I figure the fellows on the other sheets will maybe give me the horse cackle and think I have an ulterior motive if I plug the dame before she's even got a chance to show in the opera. I figure I'll wait until after the opening and then start gradual-like and build up, because nobody can tell me the drag of the printed word.

I could name you a dozen—two dozen right up there in the top billing in pictures, air or the theater—who owe it all to little Lemmie and his sly weasel words—900,000 New York circulation daily—2,000,000 Sunday, to say nothing of a couple million more in the gazettes using my pillar in other cities. And don't forget I'm on the air twice a week.

SAY, I once bet Pangie I could take a street cleaner, dress him up in a windsor tie and put a clamp over his jaws and make him governor. The next day I have a nervous breakdown and I go away to Honolulu for two months, and when I come back, Pangie says, "Did you hear? They fired twenty street cleaners while you were away. They were getting kind of scared up in Albany."

So, as I say, I don't drop a hint in my column about Kathie but I see her every so often and I tell her how I'm going to make her the biggest thing on the street; and she says nothing, only asks me will I guarantee to get her back her job with Moe Mogesky at the Petit Palais when they fire her out of Tantrums.

Of course, seeing her with me gets the dames in the show talking, and the only time I ever seen Kathie break down is one night she is having dinner with me at the Puritan Club just before the night rehearsal and she blurts it out:

"You know what they're saying? They're saying the only reason I'm in the show is because I'm your girl and you got something on Sammy Price. Half of them don't even talk to me."

I laugh. "They're jealous," I comfort her. "They would give their best shimmy to be my girl."

"Maybe they would," she storms, "but I wouldn't have you if you was made of solid gold and your teeth was diamonds and your hair was sable."

With that she starts bawling.

"Let's scram," I say, and I drag her out.

"You gone crazy?" I says. "You want people to start talking—bawling in a gin-joint with the whole town draped around the place? I'm sorry I started this."

"You ain't no more sorrier than I am," she snaps, but she dries up, at least, and I says "S'long," and she ambles on to rehearsal.

Well, after that I keep away entirely and I don't see much of Kathie. I hear she and Seymour Pincer is kind of in the throes, at least they're being seen places together, so I figure it's her way of getting around the guy who's been dead set against her and I shove a line into my Friday col'm.

"Kathie Gerrity," I write, "ex-cig-pirate, who chucked it to nude for Sammy Price's Tantrums, is having a few of them in the romantic manner with Seymour Pincer, the director." That's the first mention I make of her being in the show at all and the next day she calls me up at the office and yelps:

"You got some nerve," she shrieks. "Just because I grab a sandwich with a fellow don't mean I'm going to marry him. I want you to retract it. Besides I spell it G-e-r-a-g-h-t-y!" And she hangs up.

It's only a few days later I learn that on the opening night, in Boston, Kathie is not in line. She has been taken very sick all of a sudden. It appears Price

himself has taken her out for a sandwich and a drink that afternoon.

That sounds kind of reminiscent to me. I remember in the Tantrums of 1932 when Johnny Keane, who was his angel that year, had Putsy Munroe in the show over Sammy's protests and how Sammy confides to me that on opening night the girl wouldn't show. Later he tells me he slipped a Mickey into her drink. So I figure Price has repeated with Kathie because he's afraid maybe the critics might hand his show the roast on account of her.

Well, Tantrums goes to Philly for a week and then it comes to Manhattan for the opening. So I trot over to his office and I says, very gently:

"Sammy, I got my heart set on seeing how Kathie looks in your line tonight. I think it would be kind of too bad, don't you, if she was to take sick—sudden-like just before the opening. It would look awfully bad, I'm thinking."

Sammy says nothing, just gives out with that funny little giggle.

Then he says: "Okay, fella. She opens tonight. But tomorrow maybe you better look around and see where they need a good cigarette or hat-check gal with some stage experience. Have a cigar."

The Sammy Price openings are big occasions. Winnie Mallon, who runs the Super-Select works, has just flown in from Hollywood and I call him up at the Glorioso and ask him does he want to share my aisle seats with me, an invite which he accepts with much alacrity. I like Winnie—he's a good listener, never says much and he tells me I'm a great guy and a genius.

Well, they've done plenty with Tantrums since the try-out because it's a fast-moving, spicy little opera and the melodies are plenty contagious. The honeys in line look like a million bucks—all except Kathie—and I've got to admit I don't blame Sammy much. She stands out like a bottle of Scotch at a W. C. T. U. meeting—she looks so out of place—and I can hear them buzzing around me as the audience spots her.

Winnie turns to me and chirps, "For the love of Mike, who is that girl—that one third from the left?"

I titter and tell him the whole low-down—how it was all a gag of mine and how I wanted to prove I could make her the talk of the town.

"Interesting!" says Winnie and them says no more and we watch the show.

WELL, I excuse myself at intermission, telling Winnie I'll catch up with him later as I'm going back to the office to work on my radio script. I always make it a practice never to stay more than one or two acts at the most because I find people get to notice it and talk. They call it one of my eccentricities.

I call Winnie at midnight, but he has left a message that he's tied up on some business and will get in touch with me tomorrow. So I run over to the Ha-Ha, which is then the hot late spot of the town, and stay there until the sun begins peeking in through the window.

So I call it a day and I grab up the late editions of the morning rags to see what the boys have done to Sammy Price's Tantrums.

They have done all right.

In fact, they have done something which they have never done before as long as I can remember. They have devoted almost a paragraph each to a show-girl.

Yep! Kathie Geraghty!

One very snooty critic says: "The genius of this man Price, worthy successor to the late Ziegfeld, asserts itself so unobtrusively. Who but a Price would have dared thrust amidst that heart-stopping assemblage of feminine pulchritude a plain-faced, wholesomely homely girl whose wistful smile and shy

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demeanor played such fantastic tricks with your mind that all during the intermission her face haunted you. And when you returned, it was with almost a yearning to see that face again—a face so soothing and calming in contrast to the insistent but stamped beauty of all the faces about her. This reporter went to the trouble of ascertaining her identity. She is, I learn from Mr. Price himself, a Miss Kathie Geraghty, daughter of a prominent Philadelphia family. A new note to this jaded theater—Kathie Geraghty—and I beg that you remember her name."

All the other critics say pretty much the same thing!

The boys on the P. M. rags start where the morning lads left off. You never read such raves in your life like they give Kathie and you can't blame me for feeling cocky about it, because, after all, I discovered her and put her where she was.

Well, just as I predicted, the town goes the works for her and Sammy shoves her name up in the lights.

Kathie is very sweet to me when I call her and says if she wasn't so busy studying she would be very glad to go out with me and make the rounds. So a week later I get another idea. I call up Winnie Mallon on the long-distance, reversing the charges, and I yell:

"Winnie, you remember that girl I raved to you about—that Kathie Geraghty—"

"I don't remember any girl you raved about," he interrupts. "I remember a girl you played a gag on and put her in the chorus—"

"Stop your kidding," I says. "This is costing you money. Anyhow, that girl I discovered is the biggest thing in town. I think maybe she'd be a good bet for you—I think I can arrange it."

"What's her name?" he says.

"I told you—Kathie Geraghty and she's the biggest—"

"Oh," he says, "you think maybe she'd

like a contract. Sure, go ahead and talk to her. S'long!"

Well, I run around backstage of the Empire and have Gus go get her.

"Well, Garbo," I exclaim, "I want to show you what little Lemmie can do once he sets out to do something. How'd you like to work for Super-Select? How'd you like a contract with Winnie Mallon?"

"I think," she gushes, "that would be too, too ducky. Only you're too late."

"What do you mean, too late?" I explode.

"I mean Mr. Mallon come backstage opening night and signed me for five years, provided my picture test came out all right. And it came out all right. But thank you so much!"

WELL, I guess I don't have to tell you the rest of it. How in her very first picture, *Hungry Is the Heart*, she stole it right away from Jeanne Colby herself, and how the critics double themselves into knots to beat each other to the rave. And then how she wins the Academy's prize for the best picture performance of the year.

I wouldn't have spent so much time telling you all about the inside of how she got her start except that I want to prove to you what I always said, there's no gratitude or appreciation on this street of Broadway—and Hollywood's only an artery of Broadway, so it goes there too.

Yesterday, casually picking up Pangie's column, which I read because I want to see what new idea he's lifted from me, I spot his lead line and I'm fit to hit the ceiling.

"Kettie D'Gerragh (Kathie Geraghty), cinemastar, and Winfield (Winnie) Mallon, Super-Select producer, became Mister and Missus in the pianissimo manner last Wednesday. . . . City eds please note!"

After all I did for her, she lets Pangie beat me!

## The Smoky Years

Continued from page 21

Bill Roper hadn't heard wrong. Dry Camp Pierce—he was called that because he disliked to camp too near to water—went to work for Bill Roper as he had never worked before; and thus the king of cow thieves, the brand-changer extraordinary, for once aligned on the side of the law that was not.

"I got to have ten thousand advance," Pierce said; "I'll furnish my own boys, and I'll turn cattle to you that don't know their own mummies, or else you can slit my throat."

"Won't do," Roper said.

"What's wrong—it won't do?"

"I've got to have ten camps the like of you and your gang. You can spot them, or I can, I don't care. This is no chickenyard cut!"

A SLOW, queer gleam came into Dry Camp's eyes. "You mean to back us, all the way through?"

"I'll back you while I can. After that—ride for the tall," said Bill Roper without the least expression.

"Twenty-five thousand advance," said Pierce.

"Five thousand," Roper said. "You to get fifty per cent of what we can cash."

In the end Pierce took fifteen thousand, Wells-Fargo drafts, with Roper's word for a third split on proceeds of Dry Camp's wholesale scoops.

Ten rustlers' camps hooked into Thorpe-Tanner territory. . . .

But Dry Camp also helped in other ways.

A hot June dusk, five days after the meeting at Whipper Forks, found Bill Roper at the Dry Saddle Crossing with Lee Harnish; and this meeting, too, was arranged by Dry Camp Pierce, though by this time Pierce was far away.

"I've always understood," Roper said, "that you were acquainted some, below the line."

Harnish's hard eyes studied Roper, and for a little while nothing could be heard except the mourning of doves in the willow scrub by the water. Next to Dry Camp Pierce, Lee Harnish was the oldest of those to join Roper; he was twenty-eight. He was tall and lank, sun-baked almost to the color of an Indian; his green eyes were curiously blank, impenetrable, and he liked to look his man in the eye with the peculiar fixity seen in the gaze of hawks.

"I've been down there some," he admitted. "I've made a few drives into Chihuahua; one drive to Mexico City."

"If you had a big wet herd run to you just below the line, would you know how to get rid of it?"

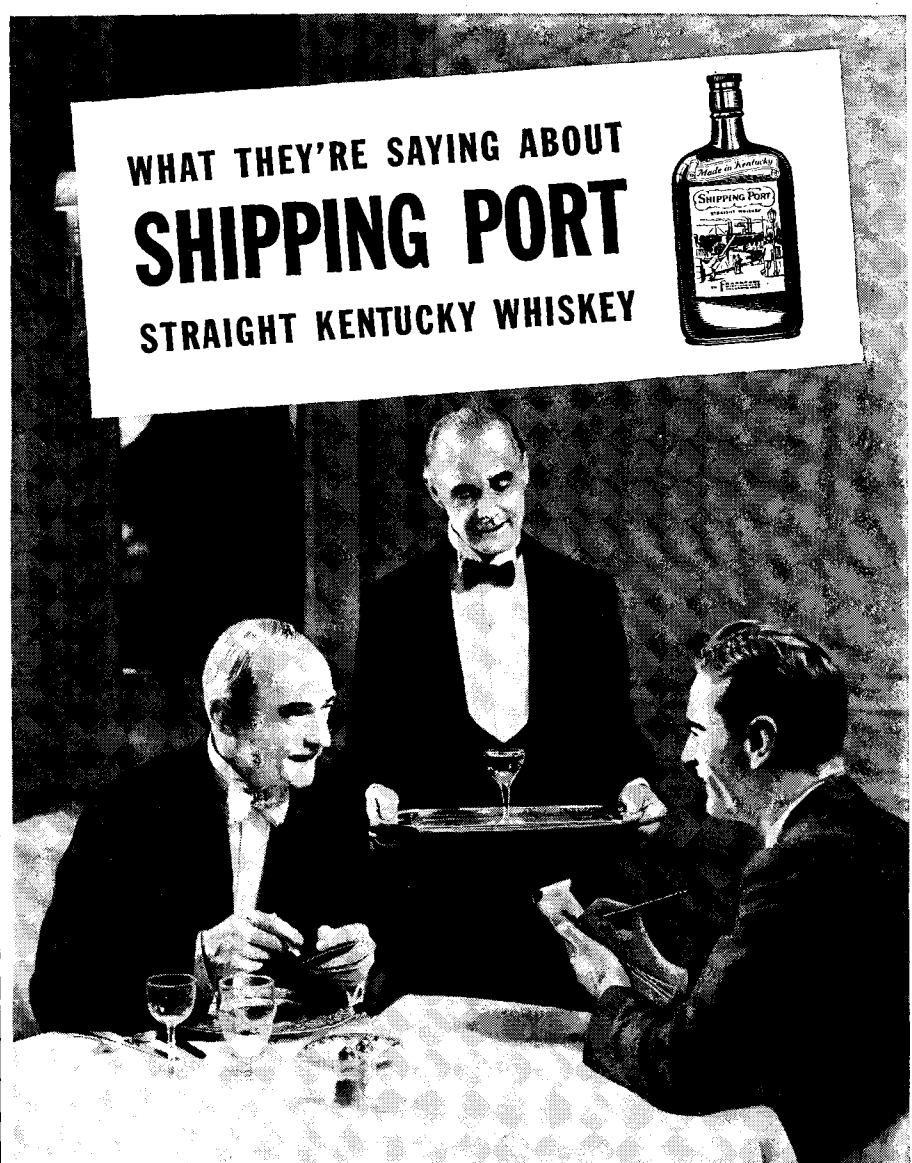
"I can't make out your hand," Harnish said. "King-Gordon never swung the long rope yet, that I heard of."

"I'm not King-Gordon now. My stunt is to bust Cleve Tanner—and Thorpe; and I don't care what it costs."

"You ain't going to bust him by running off a few head of cattle. This river crossing is slow work, kid."

"I figure to cross five thousand head

(Continued on page 52)



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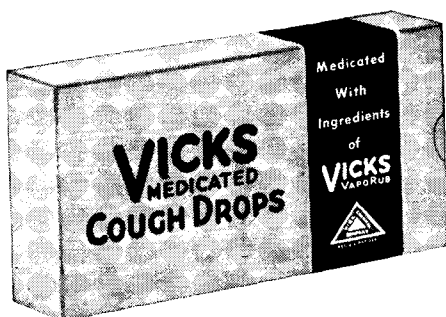


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(Continued from page 51)  
within the next three months," Roper told him.

"Five thousand head won't even scratch the hide of Thorpe and Tanner, son."

"I know that as well as you. What it will do, it'll draw Tanner to throw his warriors onto the border. That's what I want. Because by then I'll be working somewhere else."

"And you want me to take 'em on the other side—is that the idee?"

"I want three dollars a head, American gold, paid off as the cattle come out of the water. . . ."

ON a steamy afternoon early in July, Bill Roper sat in Fred Maxim's San Antonio law office. Maxim was an attorney who, some thought, had worked under a different name somewhere before; but here, assuredly, he was in no one's pay.

"I'm not asking the likes of you what's what," Bill Roper said. "I want to know who actually owns range rights on the Graham stand."

The hard-bitten little man across the desk from Roper was still cadgy. "When it comes to ousting a man from possession—"

"You know who 'ousted' Bob Graham and his family from possession. Cleve Tanner took over that outfit by main horse-and-gun power, without decent cause or reason. Everybody knows that. I'm asking you now—"

"Taylor and Graves are already doing everything that can be done to regain possession of Graham's outfit," Maxim said, smiling.

It was the smile that Roper liked. "Suppose I hold the Bob Graham lands, and Bob Graham's family are living on it. How long a delay can you give me in the courts? I mean, if Bob Graham, damn it, holds this land, will the Rangers interfere in behalf of Cleve Tanner?"

"Bob Graham hasn't got possession," Maxim said.

"Suppose he did have."

"Never could happen. Ben Thorpe—"

"Shut up a minute," Roper said. "My time is measured out by the travel-trot of ponies, and God knows that's slow! I'm not asking you to put Graham back in possession of his range. I'm not asking you to save him from being put off again in the way he was before. What I want to know is, can you head off some cooked-up legal interference with Graham, after he's in possession again?"

Fred Maxim thought it over. "I can only promise you that I can cause considerable delay," he said.

"Months of delay?"

"Years, maybe. Have to see how it would work out."

"Start work," Roper decided. "I'll put up two thousand retainer. You go out and get an injunction protecting Bob Graham from molestation."

"But this assumes possession."

"I'll take care of that."

"I'd like to ask one question," Maxim said. "Why is it that you're suddenly so interested in Graham?"

"This isn't just Graham. If you can handle your end, this is only the first of many. There's going to be a lot of things straightened out between here and the Pecos, Fred."

"After all," Maxim said—"after all, maybe it's time!"

"You'll make a fight?"

"Providing you can show possession—I'll keep you clear until hell freezes."

"That's all I want. . . ."

Still July, at Willow Creek—

A barren range of hills, sand hills; golden in the dawn, purple in the twilight, barren always. Beneath them, what had been the Willow Creek camp of the old King-Gordon.

A mud and wattle bunkhouse. A fu-

tile stamping of ponies in the round corral beside the shallow river. In the bunkhouse nearest the river, five men lounging around a little room.

"All right, you hard guys," Bill Roper said; "you know who told you to come here. Dry Camp Pierce told you to come here. Maybe he told you what you could look for here, huh?"

"Don't know as he did."

"All right. Maybe then you didn't figure on something you won't get. Because all I can promise you now is just your horses and your grub, my honey chil's!"

"We got horses. If we got horses, and a little lead, I guess we got grub. . . ."

These four gun fighters who met Roper here were none of them older than Bill; yet each was famous as a killer in his own right. Of them all, Bill Roper alone had no name, no reputation. Yet, in respect for the name of Dusty King, they had come to hear him out.

Nate Liggett, a round-faced kid with eyelashes that looked as if they had been powdered with white dust, said, "Well, what seems to be your offer?"

"I guess you already know Bob Graham," Roper said. "You know how a warrior gang of Cleve Tanner's jumped down on him, on some thin excuse, and run him off his range. They even took over his house and his windmill and his corrals. Now, I aim to hand back that range to Bob Graham; he's waiting in Bigspring for the word. Your part of the job is simple enough—you just go and take it away from the Tanner bunch."

"And what do we get out of all this?"

"Graham takes over the outfit and runs it. You hang around and help him, and see that he doesn't get run off again. For that you get a half interest in the outfit. You split it among you any way you see fit. I'll back Graham with cattle and what other stuff he needs."

The others didn't say anything for a little while. It was Dave Shannon, huge-shouldered and blunt-faced, who finally spoke. "I'll tell you what it sounds like to me," he said, studying the curl of smoke from his cigarette. "Once there was a feller watching driftwood come down the Mississippi River. He turns to another feller and he says, 'You want a job? You fish this here driftwood out of the river, and I'll give you half of all you get.'"

NATE LIGGETT said, "It's a fact, Bill, I don't see where we come in for no advantage."

"You got a chance to do something here that will get you some place," Roper said good-humoredly. "First thing, you've got a chance to own some cattle in a way where you stand to get something out of it once in a while. Another thing, you get a certain amount of protection. Another thing, you're fixed up with a string of friendly camps, half across Texas; when you've got to move, there's always an established outfit you can head for, with fresh horses and whatever you need, waiting for you all the time."

"Been making out all right as it is, seems like," Red Miller said. He sprawled lazily, but he was squinting, his green eyes narrow, into the outer dark.

"If you're satisfied with this lone-wolf stuff you've been pulling, I haven't got anything to offer you," Roper admitted. "But I'll tell you this—the boys that string with me now will see the day when they'll run Texas; and Cleve Tanner, and Ben Thorpe too, will be busted up and forgot!"

"It's a hefty order!"

"Maybe it is. This Graham business is a kind of experiment; it'll work if you make it work. But if it goes through—"



it's only the beginning, you hear me? You string with me a little while; and maybe, by God, we'll show a couple of people something. . . ."

Dry-grass season; Texas scorched by the hot winds—

All across the southern ranges a peculiar thing was happening. As word spread from twenty points of disturbance, certain of the older cattlemen began to sense that there was a curious, almost systematic order to what in itself seemed a widespread disruption. All over the Big Bend country, eastward almost to the well-settled Nueces, westward beyond the barren Pecos, northward to the fever line, was breaking a spotty wave of raids of an unparalleled boldness. Far apart, but almost simultaneously, hell had broken loose in a great number of places, covering more than half of Texas.

AND presently it began to appear that the tough, notoriously trouble-making outfits under Cleve Tanner were not holding together as they always had before. For almost a decade Ben Thorpe had been a law unto himself, and in Texas Cleve Tanner had been the expression of that private law. For a long time it had been supposed that to antagonize Cleve Tanner was to set against yourself the toughest and most unscrupulous range riders in Texas. But now it was beginning to appear that some of the toughest of them all were outside—and didn't want to get in. Here and there men were beginning to desert the Tanner outfits—sometimes fired because they had failed, sometimes voluntarily deserting to the ranks of the raiders, who were now almost openly punishing the Thorpe-Tanner holdings. Some of the first to be missed from the Tanner ranks were the very men upon whom Tanner had depended as the hard, cutting edge of his range roughers. . . .

Mid-August, in the season of driest heat—

Into the Potreritos, by a little-used trail, a black-sombreroed horseman rode. He was a tested gunman, a proved man whose name was known and feared half the length of the great trail. Trouble-shooting for Cleve Tanner now, he was moving into the Potreritos to find out what had gone wrong with some of Tanner's choicest herds. He had come fast, changing horses frequently, riding far into the night.

Loping down the almost invisible trail through the dark, his horse suddenly dropped from under him, headlong into nothingness. The pony might have stepped into a prairie dog hole—or it could have been the loop of a rope. But as the dazed rider struggled up, his mouth full of dirt, a rifle was prodding his belly, and a voice was saying, "Don't you think you might have took the wrong way?" . . .

Mid-August still, at the edge of the vast quadrant of the sand hills—

A very quiet file of riders came in the middle of the night into a round-up camp on the range of the Cross Bar Cross. So cleverly they moved that they were among the wagons before anyone knew that something was wrong. The foreman—he had been one of Tanner's right-hand men almost since Tanner's beginnings—stood up in his blankets, suddenly as wide-awake as a roused wolf.

Instantly a gun muzzle was in his armpit, and a soft voice was saying, "We're taking this camp over, Bud."

It was Windy Slater, most silent and usually most wary of all Bill Roper's lieutenants, who made that mistake. It was a mistake that brought quick disaster to raider and raided alike, for Slater had misjudged his man. A gun ripped out of its leather, and two guns spoke at once; in a moment the camp was ablaze with the smashing reports of

the short guns. Good, brave cowboys, who didn't know what they were fighting for, but who spiked out gamely in the thin dark, dropped there on the Texas plain. A rumble of hoofs rose to a ground-shaking thunder as the held herd stampeded, later to break itself into a hundred bunches, lost in the sandy hills. . . .

West Texas, far up the lonely Pecos—

One of Cleve Tanner's outfit bosses was talking to the Ranger stationed at Mustang Point.

"Such a outburst of lawlessness has cut loose here as I never seen before," he said.

The Ranger here was Val McDonald. He had gone out nineteen times in battle, sometimes against Mexicans, sometimes against the Comanches, and he had hunted white renegades galore.

"Awfully tough," he said in his own sympathetic way.

The foreman of the outfit that was busted up was fit to be tied. "I tell you, we're being stolen blind," he raved. "Not just a calf here and there, either—they take 'em in swoops and bunches. It's the boldest thing I've ever seen."

"This is one of Ben Thorpe's outfits? No?"

"Does that mean—"

"Well, what the hell, here? How many times has Cleve Tanner passed out the word, 'The Rangers be damned'? He's put more obstructions in the way of things we was trying to do than any other one man. Who was it had the legislature cut down our pay until we practically ride for nothing, and furnish all our own stuff?"

"The question here is whether we're going to have any law, or are we going to have—"

"From what I heard," McDonald said, "Cleve Tanner has let it be known that he's the biggest end of the law himself. Go talk to Cleve Tanner if you want law."

"My understanding is," the foreman argued, "that the Rangers are supposed to—"

"I'll move out and straighten up your little old range," McDonald said. "I'll be glad to. Just as soon as I get orders from headquarters. I'm waiting for them orders now!"

BUT the weeks rolled by, and headquarters was curiously still. . . .

End of summer; a welcome end—

Cleve Tanner himself, the Cleve Tanner, who represented Ben Thorpe in the south, master of breeding grounds, the man who controlled the roots of all Ben Thorpe's plains organization, was talking to the United States marshal at San Antonio.

"There hasn't been such a wave of outlawry since the horse Indians was put down. Damnation, man! It's set us back ten years. . . . I know what your policy has been. Your idea is to let us fight it out for ourselves, against Mexico, against the Indians, against all hell. But I tell you, this thing comes from inside; this thing might be something that I couldn't beat without help."

The United States marshal at San Antonio smiled to himself a little smile; and he said, "Seems like this must be a terrible bad thing for you, Cleve."

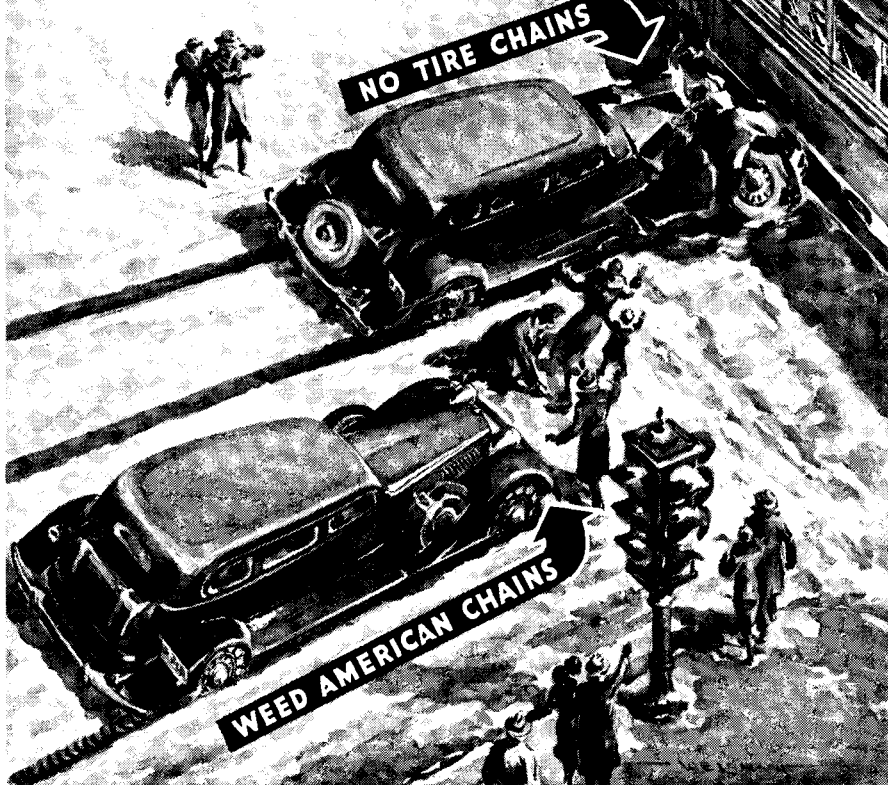
"I'm telling you—"

"Go ahead and tell me. You're a Ben Thorpe man, ain't you? A right-leading Ben Thorpe man. Well—maybe I'll tell you a couple of things some day. . . ."

There was law in Texas, even in those days; but there was no such law as could stand against the combined renegades of the long trail, with behind them a lawyer who could delay forever in the courts; and a reckless expenditure of money, the source of which some suspected, but which was not definitely known.

(To be continued next week)

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## Never a Dull Moment

Continued from page 28

there on my open-air table built on four posts driven into the ground in the center of my camp shelter—more marvelous than all the fancy dishes of the chefs and cooks of civilization.

We are ready for work now, and we waste little time about it. With the dawn all the animals I have captured also wake. For half an hour I have heard the growls and whines of my tigers, the hoarse, coughing grunt of the binturongs, the savage snarls of my leopards. All are hungry with the rising sun—all want food.

My birds chirp and call. Fireback pheasants, red-crested green wood partridges—known to the Malays as *burong seuals*, and the most beautiful of all partridges—give their faint, musical whistle, and the Malayan singing partridges, with a call like our mocking birds, sing their gorgeous, wild songs.

### Jungle Department Store

The feeding begins. From the nearest native village there are fresh-killed chickens and a quarter of buffalo meat for the tigers, leopards and civet cats. The cat animals are fed six days a week. For the sake of their health, in captivity they have a Sabbath and go one day without food.

For the monkeys, gibbons and orang-utans there is a variety of jungle fruits and vegetables. From twenty miles away the boys have carried baskets of sweet potatoes and tapioca root. This root—which looks much like a sweet potato itself—is what is ground up commercially for our American tapioca puddings.

For the birds—the peafowls and pheasants and partridges—there is patti rice, grain and wheat imported all the way from the coast towns. I have a grinding machine in camp, and all this food is thrown into the machine, along with green vegetables, a native water cress—corresponding to our dandelion greens—and several dozen hard-boiled eggs! It is mixed, ground fine, and those birds love it. I half believe many of them are glad to give up their freedom for the pleasure of strutting for the delicious, carefully prepared meal.

But the feeding is only one part of my care of captured animals. Each cage has to have its water, and each cage has to be cleaned daily. When you realize the tremendous number of animals and birds I have in camp at the end of five or six months in the jungle, you will understand what a colossal task this cleaning is.

In the first place, I have three hundred chattering, mischievous rhesus monkeys. The small varieties are piled in crates three feet by three by eighteen inches—twenty monkeys to a crate—the bigger ones in cages proportionate to their size. And if they're in the mood they make a lot of trouble for the boy assigned to cleaning those lively, wriggling cages.

I have half a dozen fine, big tigers, three black leopards, a clouded leopard, four Indian spotted leopards, four binturongs, six civet cats, ten big Asiatic porcupines, four bush-tailed porcupines, forty rafalii squirrels—gorgeous red and black and white fellows—along with two dozen pure white squirrels from the Siamese border. These animals alone, the big cats and the rodents, require almost as many cages as the menagerie of a small circus. But this is only the start of the zoo at my jungle camp at the end of several months.

You understand that in a big collec-

tion like this I do not capture all of the birds and animals myself. For one man to catch as many specimens as I have in my jungle camp at the end of five or six months would require nearly as many years. Many of them are brought in to me by the Sakai, the jungle people, and the neighboring Malays. Every day natives come straggling into my camp carrying baskets, bags or cages of some sort or another with animals, birds or snakes they have trapped to sell me. The ones I want I buy, after much haggling and bargaining.

Together with the animals I have named I also have four Malayan tapirs. (It takes all the time of two boys finding food for these animals alone. They have to dig rare roots from the river banks and the jungle swamps.) There are eight barking deer (mutjacs)—little fellows two feet high, and six Sambar deer, larger than our American deer but not quite as big as our elk.

But no matter how big an animal collector's ambitions may be, he also has to supply zoos with small animals. A little snake, six inches long, has its value in a zoological garden the same as the biggest man-eating tiger. So I have in my camp a collection of small snakes, three tiny, baby orang-utans which cling to me and the boys and scream when we put them on the ground, five pangolins or scaly anteaters, and a baby elephant captured in Sumatra and brought all the way to my camp in Johore.

There are hundreds of birds, too. Himalayan songbirds, Shama thrushes, Himalayan pheasants—the most gorgeously plumed of all the pheasant family—rocket-tailed dorangos that can imitate any sound they hear, and the lovely bulbul thrushes, that make a chorus of beautiful sound more gorgeous than any symphony orchestra.

Dwarfing these small specimens and birds is a giant orang-utan, eight and a half feet from fingertip to fingertip. He lazes indolently in his cage, but when I venture near he comes to lightning life, thrusts his great hand through the bars, and rips the sleeve from my shirt as easily as if it were tissue paper! A half-dozen sleeves have gone into that orang's cage, and I am careful to conserve the rest of my limited supply.

### Cagey Business

Beside the great orang's cage is a smaller one which contains the langur monkeys. These watch him curiously and a bit timidly with their great, white "Eddie Cantor" eyes. Next is a cage of crested langurs, which, when wild, move so fast they are seldom seen even by the jungle people, and must be caught in nets on the ground. Three big Indian hunchman langurs come next.

Quite a menagerie to care for in a jungle camp! But there's still more. Three hyenas that howl all through the night, a pair of black-buck antelope from India, a nilghai or blue-buck from the forests of western India, and half a dozen tiny gazelles from the edge of the Indian desert.

Then there are the snakes—eight pythons, all over twenty feet long, that can crush a man to death in a few seconds. I can't bother with pythons smaller than this, as the zoos want big ones. Dozens of krites and tree snakes, and six big cobras, seven to twelve feet long, each with enough venom in its fangs to kill twenty men!

This gives you an idea of the number and variety of cages that have to be



cleaned, scraped and washed with a bucket of warm water each morning in my jungle camp. By the time it's done the sun is getting high—and hot!—and the jungle is steaming. But there's no rest yet. There's still plenty of work to be done, and it has to be done before that climbing tropical sun makes all work impossible.

Behind the camp I hear jungle logs being chopped and planed. Ahmed, my Number Two boy, with a couple of helpers, is busy there with his axe and his rattan, building more cages. Cages are an ever-growing need. Each new capture requires a cage, and it has to be ready when the animal is brought into camp. Fortunately all the material is ready at hand, and a strong, sturdy cage can be built of logs and rattan—a natural jungle vine—with little more than an axe and a pair of hands to do the work.

Ali is getting out my rifle, a rope and a gunny sack or two. For all through the surrounding jungle I have set out traps and snares and they have to be visited each day and the animals brought in.

### Going to His Head

While I wait for him I watch the pet honey bears I have caught playing at the end of their staked fastenings. Above them are a few golden gibbons, running furiously along horizontal poles, their thin chains rattling as they go. There is a battle royal fought, strenuously but playfully, by these potential Londoses and Lewises before the gibbon leaps once more to his pole and howls madly. It is the comedy relief of a hard, busy morning.

Ali and I visit the traps and snares that have been set out. This is no easy task, as they cover an area of several miles and each one has to be inspected or its catch might die. By this time the jungle is a hundred in the shade—and getting hotter!

In my traps and snares we find half a dozen monkeys, an eight-foot monitor lizard, a couple of argus pheasants, a porcupine—the big prize of the day—and a black leopard. All of these have to be bagged or boxed, carried several miles back to camp, and caged. Which is a day's work in itself!

It's lunch-time then, after a hard morning's work. I eat from my planked table in the midst of the jungle with my tigers snarling and my birds singing in their cages all around me. Fresh chicken, eggs, a sweet potato, all the fruits of the Orient, and maybe delicious wild honey made by bees that feed on orchids! And for a floor show there's always Jim Londos and Strangler Lewis putting on their tireless wrestling act, which, no matter how many times I see it, is always good for a laugh. The surroundings for that lunch are crude, savage, primitive—but surroundings like these have been my home for the greater part of twenty years, and I love them.

While I am eating, there are screams from behind the camp. Ahmed comes running into sight, holding his face and howling as loudly as the hyenas. He has been in the high grass and stepped into a wasps' nest, finally getting rid of the wasps by jumping in a stream.

These nests are low on the ground, impossible to detect in the grass, and the wasps are brown, about the size of our yellow jackets, but with a sting of a whiplash. The boy's head is twice its normal size and one eye is entirely closed.

"Hurt pretty bad?" I ask.

"Yah, tuan—susah luka."

"I'll fix you up, Ahmed. Sit down here."

For ten minutes I daub each sting—and there are nearly half a hundred of

them—with soda and water, iodine and vaseline. He takes it stoically now, his first fright over. It's all a part of jungle camp life.

I again set about the long business of feeding my wild captives. Tigers, leopards and other cats are fed but once a day, but monkeys, birds, antelope, deer, bears, binturongs, tapirs, elephants, oranges, squirrels—all have to eat again before I can get my own dinner.

While I am busy with the cages there comes a sudden louder chattering from the monkeys. The gibbons run howling on their poles. The honey bears, on the ground, shrink in terror. Looking across the camp I see a snake box with its lid unfastened. I realize it is the box of a giant python we brought in the night before. Twenty feet of glistening snake has already slithered from the box!

"Ali!" I call sharply. "Ali!"

I run across the clearing toward the great snake, glad of Ali's feet pattering behind me.

"Ahmed!" Ali yells, and Ahmed, forgetting his wasp stings and his swollen face, comes tearing after us. Four other boys drop what they are doing and run, their brown bodies glistening in the sun, across the clearing.

Coil after coil of the big snake slides out over the box top! I maneuver, waiting for an opening. There is only one place to grab a python, and that is by the neck, just back of the head. One slip—or a miss—and he'll have your arm in his teeth.

I thrust out a hand suddenly and clutch him.

"Careful, tuan!" Ali yells.

"I've got him! Help me get him back in the box! Lift him—up!"

A twenty-eight-foot python weighs about three hundred pounds. And he's three hundred pounds of twisting, squirming, slippery, fighting muscle. Slowly we push him back, monkeys screaming all around us. Coil after coil goes fighting into the box. At last, with one final push, I thrust in his head, with its big mouth and needle-sharp teeth.

"Shut that lid!" I call to Ali and he slams it closed.

I sigh with relief and wipe the sweat from my forehead. This is one of those little extra jobs that come up every so often to break the "monotony" of my jungle camp.

### And So to Bed

It is getting late now. The sun has dropped behind the trees of the jungle, dropped fast, like a heavy red ball falling over the horizon. The East is called "the land of short shadows." One moment they are there, clear and dark on the ground. The next they have vanished into the briefest of twilights and the blackest of nights.

Lanterns are lit about the camp—lanterns that attract thousands of insects and great jungle moths. Inside the sleeping quarters the mosquito nets are spread, white and filmy. The jungle has hushed now. My animals and birds in their cages are quiet. Like man, they, too, sleep when the land grows dark.

The lanterns are put out. From somewhere off in the dark a hyena howls mournfully. My three in their cages take up the weird cry. I know they will continue all night, the only sound except for the night-singing tree frogs.

From my cot I see a few stars, clear and blue through the jungle leaves in a sky of velvet. An hour later the forests will be bathed in white Malayan moonlight—gorgeous, eerie, silver. But I shan't see it. I shall be sleeping the sleep of a tired animal collector in my jungle camp!



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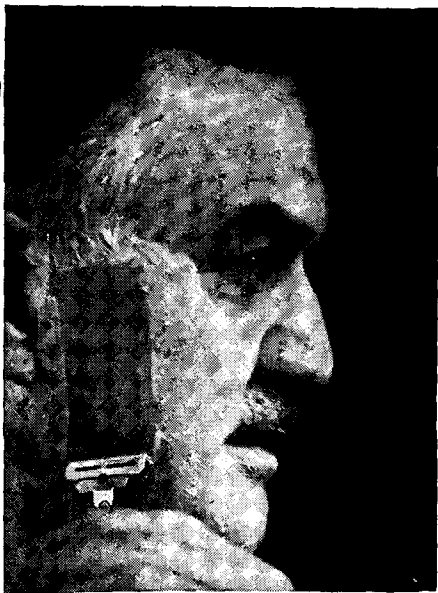
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## This, My Son

Continued from page 9



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and said not a word. “First fight, Doc?” whispered Joe. Doc nodded.

They came together fast, in the second. There was no sparring; they smashed away at each other, wrestling in the clinch. The referee broke them.

“He’s cut,” said Doc. “Sikora’s marked. What did that?”

“He got it from his head. Ahearn hit him with his head, in the clinch,” said Bill, not turning. But Joe looked at Doc and nodded. “That’s right, Doc,” he said. “Kid’s got a good eye.”

It was Sikora who didn’t have the good eye, any more. His left eye was cut, just under the brow.

He was keeping away from Ahearn, and stabbing with the left. It was his round, certainly. But his face was a smear of blood.

At the end of the fifth, Doc got up and went to Sikora’s corner. “How you doing, Sikora?” he said. “Huh?” said the Pole. Then he saw who it was, and for the first time that night his face showed terror. Just as suddenly, he was himself again. “All right, Doctor,” he said, and smiled. “Just an old cut. It’s nothing.” Doc tilted his head toward him. “Yes, it’s an old cut,” he said. “All right.”

He climbed down. “How’s he look, Doc?” said Joe.

“Deep cut,” said Doc. “No fooling.”

IF I stop this fight, Doc was thinking, they’ll say we’ve cheated this boy. They’ll say he was gypped, in an out-of-town ring. It will give us a bad name, a worse name than we have already, with them.

He should have won this, on a foul. The kid was right. No fist ever made that gash in a man’s head. But it’s too late to claim a foul, now. Wouldn’t be allowed, anyhow.

If I don’t stop it, he may lose the sight of that eye. They’ve got it packed tight. It will be a sweet job, getting it off, afterward. Every minute makes it worse for him. How scared he looked! He’s not afraid of blood or pain. He’s only afraid to lose. He’s got a kid; he’s in there, battling for his kid, for his wife. Bah! He’s in there battling for himself, for his reputation, for his name. For money, too, but he’s getting almost nothing for this.

It’s up to me. I’ve got his career in my hands. I can ruin him, right here.

Whatever I do, people will say I did wrong. I’m the one that’s in the spot, not this Polack. I can’t help that. . . .

The bell was ringing for the ninth. White-faced, tight-lipped, Bill was looking up at them. Where was Sikora’s beauty, now? His body gleamed with sweat; a rope-burn streaked his back. In the clinches, his thighs trembled. Gone was his grace, and the deftness of his left hand. Coming in, yes, he was coming in always, his face set, and his left hand poised. But when Ahearn rushed, Sikora was doing his share of holding. In close, he’d turn his head to the left, always turn his head away.

“Polack’s licked,” said Joe.

It shouldn’t be like that. Death or defeat should be quick and clean. Goliath should go tumbling down, and Roland and Oliver gasp once, and smile, and die. It shouldn’t be a terrible, brutal thing like this, two huge, grunting men covered with sweat and blood chopping at each other.

This Pole, this Polack that you’d thought so fine, what was he, what could he be but an animal, a stupid animal advancing steadily to the block? No wonder he didn’t wave and shout when he came in. It was just his busi-

ness, his dirty, sodden, sickening trade. As for Ahearn, he was a crafty, leering Caliban. Caliban! Caliban! That’s what he was, that’s what they all were, creatures out of the mud, out of the slime. Your fine books were lies. They didn’t show you Porthos crushed and broken, or Samson in the temple ruins. They said glory, glossing over cruelty and dirt and pain.

You were a fool, you and your glamorous dreams. You weren’t like your Pop, with his fine big body. You weren’t like these others, who could see suffering unmoved. You were skinny and small, and you knew what pain was. When those soggy gloves thudded, you were the one who was hurt.

But you’d have to go through with it. You’d have to keep all this a secret from everyone, and most of all from your Pop. He’d only blink, and say, “Sure. Sure, I get you,” and he wouldn’t, at all, but only think in his heart that you were a disgrace to him.

Meantime, Doc was saying things to himself. Three more rounds, three more rounds, he was saying. The referee can stop it, if he likes. Sikora is taking a beating, now. He’s slowed up, and Ahearn is giving him plenty, in the infighting. It’s a tough fight for the kid to see. Wish I hadn’t brought him. He’s such a fine little kid. More like his mother, I guess. No. No, I don’t. It was right to bring him. This is the way things are; I didn’t make them so. A man’s got to be able to look at things. He’s got to, I tell you. . . .

The bell sounded for the tenth. Sikora seemed very tired. He wasn’t trying to turn Ahearn, any more. In fact, he seemed to be bearing a little to the left, instead of to the right, as usual.

A shrill, piping cry sounded in Doc’s ears. He was on his feet before it died away. “Tagged him! Tagged him!” he yelled. “Come on, Sikora! Follow him up, now! Follow him up! Get him, you Polack!” Joe was shouting,

but their voices were lost in the din.

Sikora was beating Ahearn back to the ropes, a wobbling, dazed Ahearn whose head was dizzy from a whizzing right hand. Stumbling and tottering, he gave ground, and Sikora followed him in.

“Stop that fight! Stop that fight!” More than one was shouting this, but most of them were straining forward watching for what they came to see, a brave man with his mouth in the dust.

Doc waved both his arms above his head. The referee saw him; he stepped in. Ahearn pawed weakly at him, tried to dodge past, to push him away. But the referee caught him in his pudgy arms. “All right, boy. All right, boy,” he said, and his voice was gentle.

“Sikora! Sikora!” the crowd was shouting, as the Pole strode down the aisles. His left eye was closed tight. Just as he passed Doc, he lifted his right arm high above his head.

DOC clutched Bill’s arm. “Some fight, Bill,” he said. “What do you say? I think we’ll go home. Doc Stiles will take care of the rest of this.”

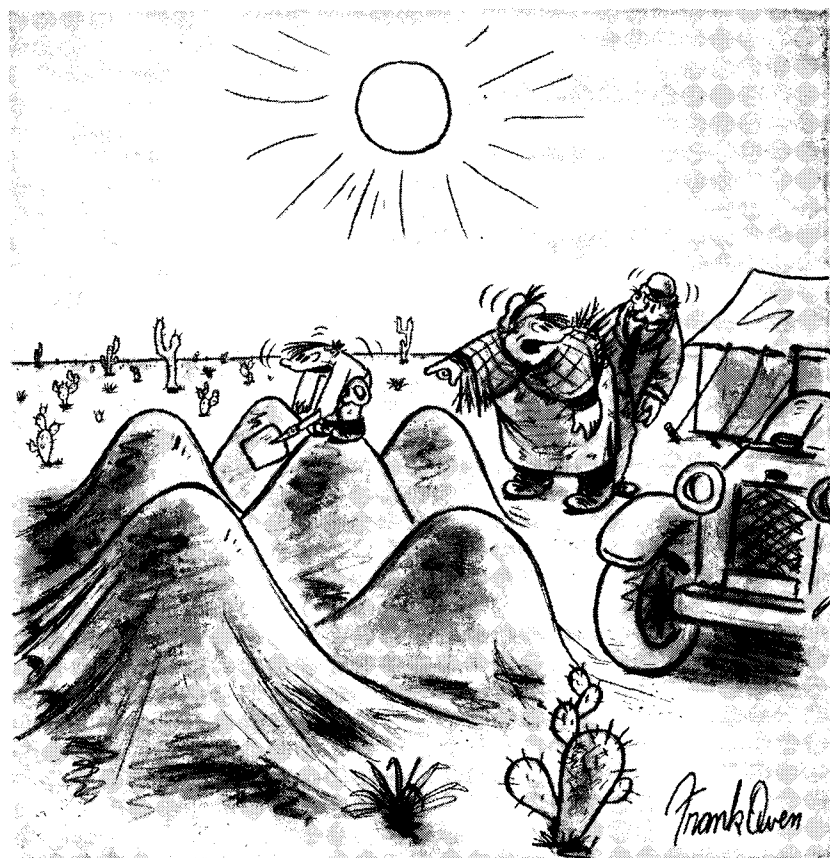
“O. K., Pop.”

“I’ve got to take a look at Sikora’s eye. You—I don’t think you want to go along. Nasty job.”

“I—Let me go, Pop. I—I kind of think I want to be a doctor. Do you—do you think I could?”

Doc looked at him. “I’m one,” he said. “Come on, then. Let’s go.”

He had seen something that night that he was never to forget, a puny arm swinging, while a boy’s shrill voice urged a champion on. “He’ll do. He’ll do,” he said to himself, and hot pride filled his heart that he had brought a man into the world, a man with his own fierce love for courage, a man with a pity and sympathy finer than his own, a better man than himself. That’s what every father who’s any good really wants his son to be.



“He changed the scenery. He’s a hill-billy at heart and the desert was getting on his nerves!”

FRANK OWEN



Q. Is the new low-priced Packard I hear so much about really low-priced?

A. Yes, it is within the financial reach of almost everyone who will buy a new car in 1935.

Q. Does it have the famous Packard lines?

A. Anyone who has seen it at the Auto Shows can tell you that it has. It is a real Packard. It looks like a Packard. It even has the famous Packard hub caps. Furthermore, we believe this car is built to a higher standard of mechanical excellence than any other car of its price.

Q. Is it a big, Comfortable Car?

A. It is unusually big and roomy, with generous head room and leg room. Doors are extra wide. The car is more than 16 feet in over-all length. The wheelbase is 120 inches.

Q. How many cylinders—six or eight?

A. Eight. It has, we believe, the most powerful straight-eight motor ever put in a car of its size. This motor develops 110 horsepower, giving the car almost "motorcycle" pick-up, a top speed of better than 90 miles an hour and greater agility in traffic than any other car of its weight.

Q. Will the Packard 120 cost much to operate?

A. No, because:

1. The motor of the Packard 120 has an aluminum head which eliminates the need for premium motor fuel—an unusual feature in cars of this price.
2. It does not need lubrication as often. Outside of the crankcase, no point on this new Packard needs attention oftener than six times a year.
3. Its parts are so precisely machined and so accurately adjusted that the need for servicing is greatly reduced.
4. It can be serviced cheaply. Packard assures that charges for parts and service on the Packard 120 will be no more than for other cars in its price class.

Q. How much testing has it had?

A. More than any other new car ever introduced. The vital parts of the Packard 120 have been given the greatest of all tests—the test of time. They represent Packard's years of experience in designing and building fine cars. The proof of their excellence is the millions of miles they have been driven by Packard owners. Add to this the fact that all America has been the proving ground for the new Packard 120. Over all types of roads. In all climates. No other Packard in our 35 years of manufacturing experience has ever been subjected to such gruelling testing!

Q. What are some of the other outstanding features?

A. It has Servo-Sealed hydraulic brakes, with the exclusive Packard dirt and water seal. It has Packard's exclusive SAFE-T-FLEX independent front wheel suspension. This design provides a safer and smoother ride; eliminates sidesway and "gallop"; holds front wheels in positive alignment and requires a new minimum of lubrication attention. It has the Packard-built Safety-plus body, in Packard's opinion the strongest, safest, most modern body that ever went on a chassis; it has the Packard Angle-set rear axle, and many features never before found in a car of this price.

Q. How soon can I get one?

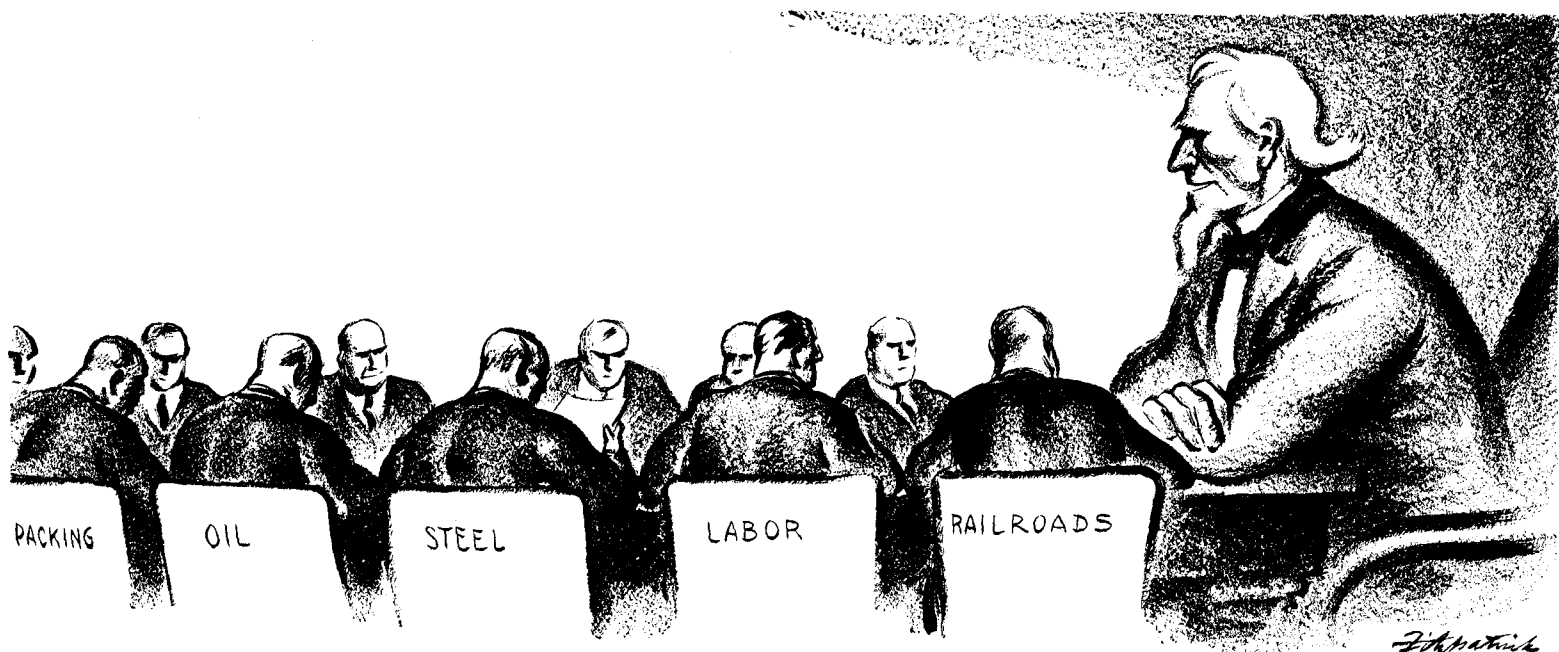
A. Early in March. But you can place your order now at any Packard showroom and be one of the first to drive this remarkable new car. Any Packard dealer will gladly explain to you how easily the Packard 120 may be purchased on a convenient monthly payment plan. *And so certain is Packard that this car will surpass your expectations that you may place your order now and take delivery or not as you wish when you see your own new car.*

Q. What is its price?

A. The exact price of the Packard 120, together with additional information about it, will be given again over the air Tuesday night during the Packard program featuring Lawrence Tibbett. Tune in on your N. B. C. Network station (WJZ and associated stations) at 8:30 E. S. T. and get further news about this great new car.

ABOVE WE HAVE ANSWERED but nine of the ninety and nine questions most frequently asked about the new Packard 120. We have prepared a booklet *answering all ninety-nine questions* which any Packard dealer will gladly give you. If there is no Packard dealer in your community write direct to Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit.





## The Road to Washington

WASHINGTON is the Mecca of busy men today. Except for the World War period nothing comparable to the great march upon the Capital has ever been seen. A new and prosperous Coxey's Army overflows the city.

Every variety of business has its emissaries at the seat of government. The most important leaders of finance and of industry flit in and out of Washington. Innumerable conferences and meetings are being endlessly conducted. Day by day the procession moves on through the offices of all of the conspicuous heads of the Administration. Decisions must be made at Washington and policies must have governmental consent or approval.

Suddenly and swiftly responsibility for the making of business decisions and for the establishment of business policies has been centered in the nation's capital. Power has been sucked out of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, San Francisco and all the other historic sources of business authority.

Until recently Chicago was the railroad capital. New York was the center of financial authority. Chicago, the Twin Cities and Kansas City ruled the grain markets and made the vital decisions concerning the far-flung packing industry.

New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and New York determined generally the country's manufacturing policies.

American business was governed by a relatively few strong men who exercised their power by right of property ownership. These few were scattered. James J. Hill established a railroad empire in the Northwest. The Armours, the Swifts, the Cudahys were names to conjure with in Chicago and Milwaukee. Marshall Field, Sr., was an independent prince, ruling by virtue of the wealth he amassed. Every state and every city had its dominant commercial lead-

ers. Samuel Insull was the last of the line.

The race of rich men has not disappeared but the authority which so long went with great wealth has been transferred. It did not linger at state boundaries. Legislatures and governors also lost the privilege of making important decisions. Huey Long may be dictator in Louisiana but the vital judgments affecting the people of Louisiana, as well as the inhabitants of the other forty-seven states, are made elsewhere.

Curiously, no President and no Congress willed this change. Power is being transferred from business leaders and state officials not because the men in Washington covet authority but because not even Washington could resist the change.

Just fifteen years ago a Presidential campaign was successfully run on the slogan, "Less government in business." Yet every year since Warren G. Harding entered the White House the government has marched deeper and deeper into business. Even those who in general deplored and opposed governmental interference have ceaselessly demanded governmental aid in the solution of their particular problems. The vast tendency is the sum of these multitudinous pleas for particular assistance.

Of course the tendency was accelerated by the developments of the last five years. Herbert Hoover was the high priest of rugged individualism, but Herbert Hoover was the author of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Franklin Delano Roosevelt as a candidate for the Presidency was no advocate of more government in business. As President, however, he had to accept the inevitable.

The plain fact is that we have all at once realized that private business has public consequences and that for good or evil the government must somehow reconcile differences between competing and conflicting groups.

This is not Socialism. It is not an attack

on the profit system. It is not the fulfillment of the teachings or the propaganda or the policy of any political party.

Men move on to Washington because they know of no other way of finding solutions to their problems. When reporters announce that Myron C. Taylor, head of the United States Steel Corporation, and a committee of steel men have called at the White House, we can be definitely certain that the industrial leaders were not able unaided to reach a judgment on one of their problems. And when immediately thereafter William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and a group of union leaders emerge from the same executive offices, no detective is needed to deduce that the labor men want help. The President certainly does not summon such men merely for their entertainment value nor because he is eager for more work to do.

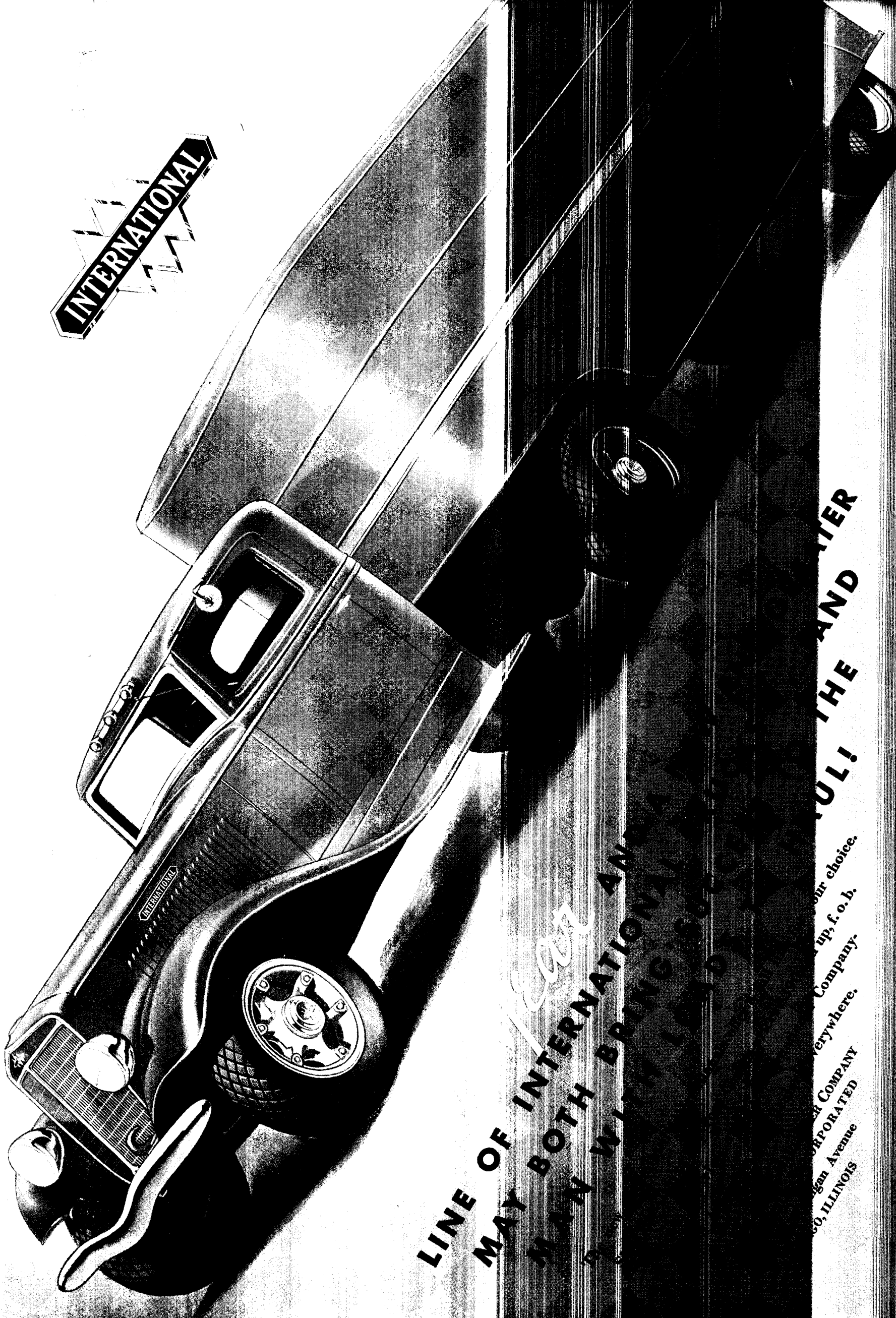
What is happening is a struggle to work out answers to a long line of problems created by the very marching of industrial progress. The old political and business ideas of pioneer days are worn out. No longer are men able individually to solve their problems. It matters not how skillful or courageous a man may be, if he is to survive and prosper he must have some kind of governmental direction.

Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, fluttered the doves when he said plainly that no man was wise enough to understand the full meaning of the changes through which we are passing. This is true of Washington as well as of London or Berlin or Rome or Tokyo.

What we can be sure of is that the method of conference and of open-minded consideration is the most fruitful approach to any human difficulty. We won't find all the answers this week or this year, but we won't stop seeking national solutions to national problems in 1936 or 1940, regardless of who is President or of the politics of Congress.



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